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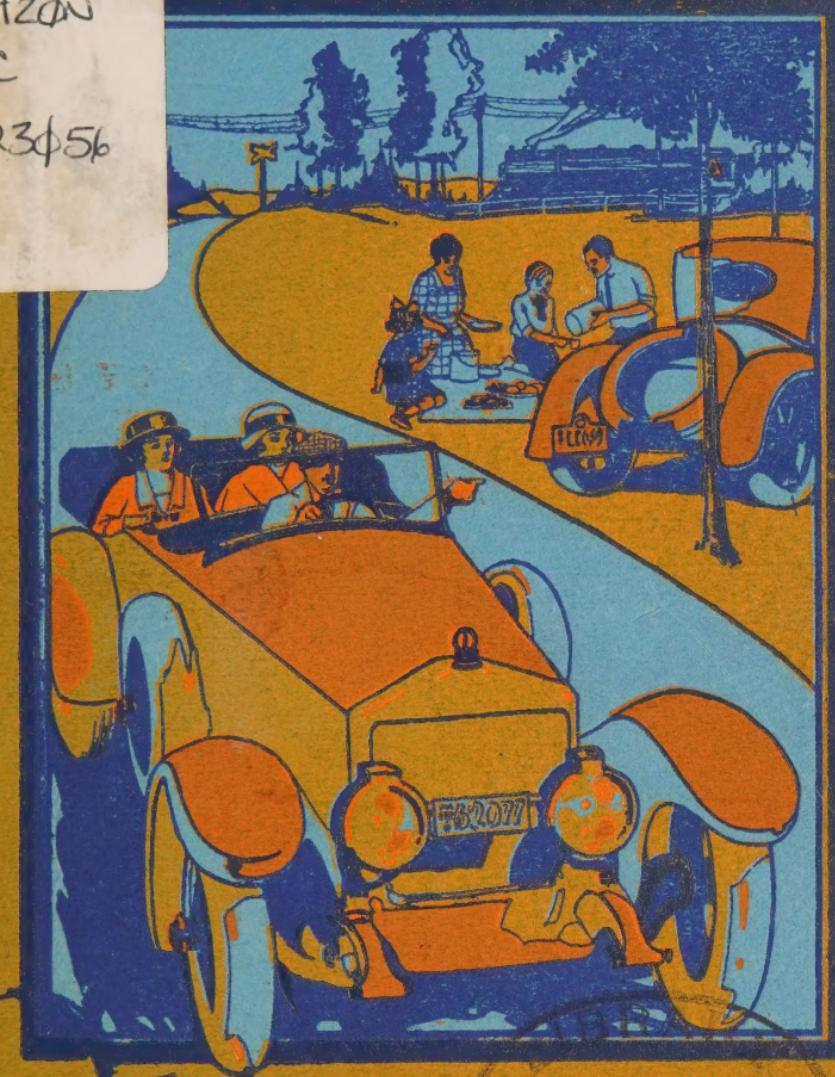
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Ontario, Licence Commissioner, Board of

ONTARIO

Canada's Premier Province

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*The LAKE-LAND
PLAYGROUND*

[1923]



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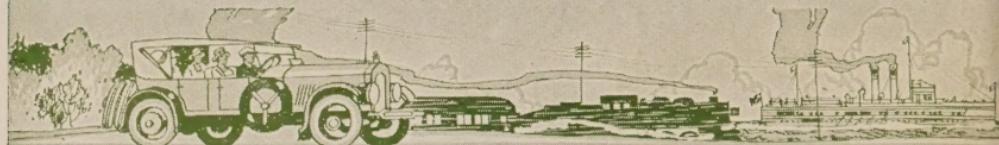
PREMIER PROVINCE OF CANADA

The Lakeland Playground



Issued under the Authority of
the Government of Ontario

TORONTO ~ CANADA



INTRODUCTION

THIS little book is published by authority of the Province of Ontario in the hope that it will convey, to those seeking healthful rest and recreation, information which may induce them to come and see for themselves.

Nature has dealt most bountifully with this Province. In its fresh-water lakes and rivers, its pure, bracing, health-giving air, Ontario is unexcelled.

Many of her playgrounds have for years provided rest and recreation for tens of thousands. There are abundant room and ample supplies for millions more. The people are hospitable, and the tourist will not find it difficult to obtain from them such information as he needs. The hotels vary greatly in equipment. Some of them are among the very best on the continent. Others are quite unpretentious—but all will open their doors cordially to the traveller and do their best to supply his needs. As the traffic increases, accommodation of all kinds will keep pace with the demand.

The roadways also are of varied excellence. Some of the highways are among the very best, and the mileage of excellent roads is steadily increasing. Other roads differ greatly in quality. In the thinly settled districts, rapid travelling by motor car should not be expected; but the quiet of these districts, their freedom from the dust and grime and grind of cities, and their abundance of pure, invigorating air, far more than make up to the weary traveller for what he may lose of rapid travel over well paved roads.

Most of the playgrounds can be reached by the Canadian National or the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Timagami district is reached only by the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway.

Ideal pleasure trips on the Great Lakes can be taken by steam-boat. Motor roads lead everywhere into well settled parts of the Province.

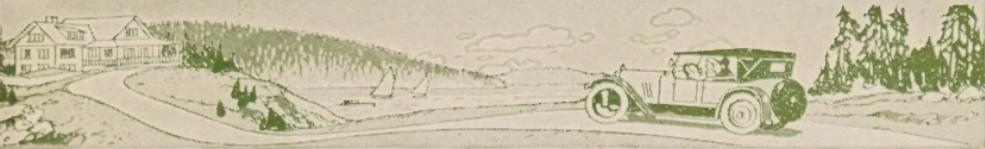
The limitations of space prevent the publication in this book of minute detail as to hotels, camping grounds and the like. Intending visitors may obtain specific information from the particular places they intend to visit. Much information of this kind has already been prepared, and will be supplied free of charge by the Railway or Steamship authorities, by the Secretaries of Motor Clubs in all cities and towns, or by the Secretaries of Boards of Trade or Chambers of Commerce. For guidance in detail, see page 72.

For information as to Customs regulations see back of the map at the end of the book.

Copies of this book may be had upon application to the Board of License Commissioners, 25 Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario.

JAMES HALES,
Chairman of Board of License Commissioners
for Ontario.

Toronto, June, 1923.



FOREWORD

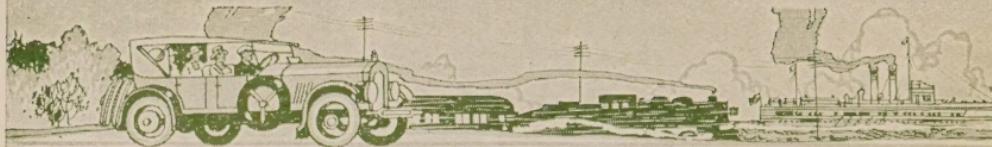
ONE thing goes almost without saying—that the north is the place for you. In this one regard alone, the Province of Ontario holds a place of unique advantage.

It is the summer focus of North America. It is the fanlight of the continent, the home of the breezes, the haunt of cooling currents, the fount of ozone, the source of the iron for which the blood is crying, the pristine home of reinvigorating air, the summer resort of the Goddesses of Health and Happiness and Beauty.

Ontario herself, like some sylvan maiden that trips across a stream on an impromptu bridge, unconscious of her reflected beauty in the limpid wave beneath her, is almost pitifully oblivious to the wealth of solitude shade and stream and charm of every sort. Little by little she is coming to realize that hers is a wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, an endowment fresh from the Master Artist's hand. All the best efforts of pen and brush can give but a faint suggestion of the innumerable lakes, the noble hills, the eternal towering rocks, the healing solitudes, the abounding sport with rod and gun, the magic power of air and water—both with a virtue all their own—to remake the weary mind and body of the tourist, who is healed and invigorated even while he plays.



An Orchard-lined Ontario Highway



SOME SAMPLES OF ONTARIO HIGHWAYS



HIGHWAY BUILT BY
CARLTON COUNTY

A NIAGARA ROAD



HIGHWAY BETWEEN
PORT HOPE AND COBOURG

IN ST CATHARINES



HIGHWAY BETWEEN
LONDON AND ST THOMAS



ENTRANCE TO SPRINGBANK
PARK - LONDON, ONT.



Niagara: Its Falls, River and District

NIAGARA occupies an important place in Canadian history and nomenclature, a place-name that is perhaps familiar to more people than any other in the realm of the geographical and the historical.

Within the meaning of the term are the great cataract, the picturesque international river, and the area that is comprised in the



A Glimpse of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park

Niagara District, stretching from the Falls to Hamilton, taking in the entire peninsula of southern Ontario, and bordering the twin lakes of Erie and Ontario.

And as Niagara is a word of world-wide fame, so the Falls are, as they have ever been, the scenic magnet of the continent, attracting annually to its floods of fleecy waters a million and a half tourists, who come as pilgrims to worship at one of nature's mighty altars.

Niagara also serves as one of the main gateways into Canada and to its premier province of Ontario, introducing the traveller to a region rich in historic associations, varied in scenic attractions,



and fertile in the extreme as one of the many gardens of the Dominion.

The visitor to Canada through this Ontario entrance will not only find ideal vantage points from which to view the Falls in the totality and variety of their grandeur, but a garden of delight in the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, operated by a Board of Commissioners, which has constructed a system of boulevard drives extending for practically the entire length of the Canadian



Niagara Falls (upper), showing American and Canadian Falls;
(lower) Canadian Falls from an aeroplane

bank of the great international stream. Probably nowhere on the continent is there a scenic route of the same distance that reveals more to the observer. The cataracts twain may be studied



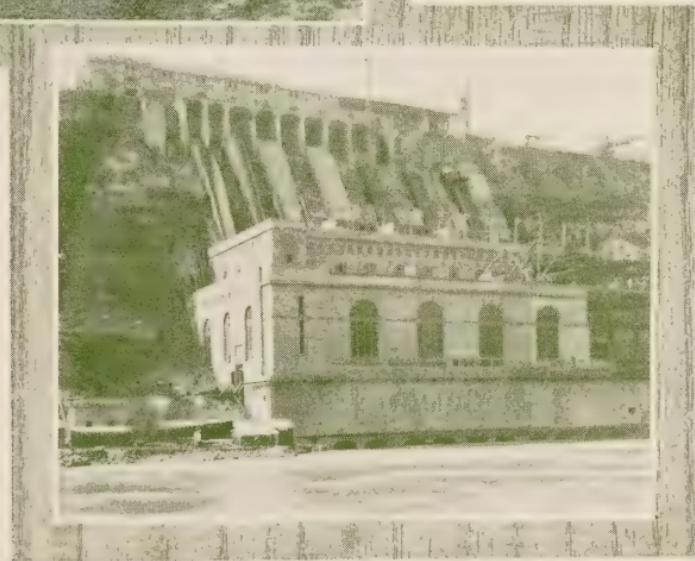
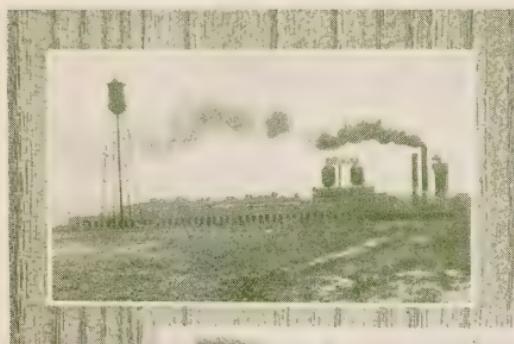
from scores of outlooks; the picturesque Dufferin Islands border the upper rapids, where the white-crested waves battle for a place in the wild rush to the vortex below, and lead to a sylvan retreat of quiet beauty.

The poet catches another view of the great cataract:

“Where, face to face, the sundered torrents pour
In rival cataracts, with deafening roar
Mingle their sprays, and with their mighty war
Shake earth’s deep centre with eternal jar.”

The Park itself is worthy of inspection for its flora and fauna and the forest giants that create grateful nooks of cool shades. Sub-tropical growths of many varieties alternate with indigenous ones; while flower beds and winding drives and the velvety sward, sweeping to the borders of the ample enclosure, are among the other attractions of the park, making an ideal picnic ground for thousands of holiday seekers.

And in every direction are other sights—the lower gorge, the seething rapids, hurrying under the trio of great bridges, and



Abitibi Pulp and Paper Plant (upper); Chippawa-Queenston Power House (lower)



the whirlpool where the relentless maelstrom plays at will with its flotsam and jetsam caught in the swirling waters. Not the least of the Niagara wonders that can now be seen is the view of the maelstrom from an aerial car, suspended from wire cables over a hundred feet above the circling stream, making a thrilling mid-air journey unique in its character.

Hard by is yet another wonder—scenic and geologic—in Niagara Glen, where nature has laid bare many a page from her ancient structure in cliffs and beds of the prehistoric cataract, ere it chiselled out its new pathway and carved the present canyon. Giant pot holes, watermarked strata and rocks of past ages vie with arcadian paths and the fern and foliage carpet of the Glen in making a wonderful corner of Niagara. Mighty overhanging cliffs indicate the way of the ancient waters where spacious caves once existed.



Open-air Market, Hamilton

A mile or so away another and a different sight is revealed in the massive structures connected with the Chippawa-Queenston power canal, where the waters of the upper river are carried for a distance of over eleven miles to the immense forebay and to the largest generators in the world, capable of producing, when all are in position, over half a million horsepower as part of the extensive hydro-electrical development scheme of Ontario which is, at the same time, the largest public ownership undertaking of its kind in existence.

Leaving the big artificial ditch behind, the eye is held in thrall by the panorama from the summit of Queenston Heights, where the Brock monument forms a landmark for leagues around, and where one may feast on a rare picture of the last stretch of the lovely blue-green river and of the far-stretching fields and vineyards,



and the tree-embowered villages of Queenston and Lewiston lying between the Heights and Lake Ontario. Here, too, the lover of the historic will find a rich field of exploration along the shore of the Niagara, recalling not only the long-ago days of French occupation of the country when it was New France, and, later, in the pioneer period of the last century, but the struggles of 1812-14 between the United States and the England and Canada of that time. Happily, to-day, all speaks of peace as it has existed for over a century, and one may revel in the scene with only a dim background in the mind of the ancient days of storm and stress.



A Panorama of Niagara Falls



Southward from the Falls, an additional treat is in store for those who cover the southern stretch of the Park boulevard to and through Chippawa and along the banks of the Upper Niagara to Bridgeburg and Fort Erie, with panoramic glimpses of Navy and Grand Islands and the succession of fertile farms and orchards bordering this fine Canadian highway. Taking it all in all, this section of country will amply repay the motorist, and make him seek for more roads to explore and more regions to conquer.

Having viewed this wonder-corner of the land, the tourist will find many alluring routes as he proceeds inland. A chain of attractive centres links up the Niagara with the Detroit, with new highways for the motorist and the best of train services for the railway traveller. St. Catharines will welcome and please those who find their way to this typical and charming city, situated in the centre of a rich fruit and farm region and offering unmeasured hospitality to all. A few miles distant the little town of Port Dalhousie is proud of its shady streets and its ideal beach, and of the fact that it is a port of no small importance on the present Welland Canal, through which passes the vast water tonnage of two countries.

THE NIAGARA FRUIT COUNTRY

A run of a few score miles through the Niagara fruit district will also reward the traveller, especially in the blossom or harvest time, where the entire stretch of country between the escarpment and Lake Ontario is an intensively cultivated garden of rare productivity. Hamilton is reached at length, and, in reaching it, one discovers a thriving and growing city with a population of over 120,000 ; a city of homes and hedges, of well-kept gardens and lawns, of tree-lined streets and paved thoroughfares ; of fine public edifices and churches and schools. Evidences abound of the prosperous industrial life of the city, which includes a large number of branch United States industries, that represent a substantial investment of capital and employ thousands of artisans. Situated picturesquely at the head of Lake Ontario, Hamilton is ideally placed and offers many advantages to its visitors or permanent residents, and when seen from Mountain View reveals a canvas on a noble scale and rich in all the elements of a great nature picture.

The quartette of counties that comprise the Niagara district—Wentworth, Haldimand, Lincoln, and Welland—are intersected by a network of excellent roads, including a triangle of a provincial highway that intersects on the south, the thriving towns of Welland, Dunnville, Cayuga, Hagersville and Caledonia, with many an intervening village of a quiet picturesqueness, while the route on the north leads to and through such well-known centres as St.



Catharines, Beamsville, Jordan, Grimsby and Winona on the way to Hamilton and the west.

A splendid tribute has been paid to this portion of Ontario by the projectors of the great Roosevelt Highway, extending across the United States from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, by the adoption as part of its route, of the highway through Southern Ontario between Windsor and Niagara Falls. This has contributed, through lessening of distance, charm of route, and its international aspect, to a notable increase of motor tourist traffic. The Provincial highway from Sarnia, via London and Hamilton to Queenston, has also increased the same type of traffic. The distance from the border at Detroit or Port Huron to Buffalo is lessened about one hundred miles, as compared with the highways south of Lake Erie; that from Detroit to Buffalo via Windsor and the Ontario route being 297 miles, and from Port Huron via Sarnia, 277 miles.



Windsor, facing Detroit River and City



VIEWS OF TORONTO, THE PROVINCIAL CAPITAL OF ONTARIO



TORONTO'S SKYLINE



ONTARIO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS



GOVERNMENT HOUSE-TORONTO



The Lake Erie Area of South and South-Western Ontario

ONTARIO—Canada's great central province—offers many doors of entrance to a region of charm and appeal in the area bordered by the silver shores of Lake Erie.

Niagara Falls on the east, and Windsor and Sarnia on the west, lead directly to this attractive sweep of country. All that lies south thereof constitutes this tourist realm, which annually welcomes tens



Port Stanley and its fine beach

of thousands. The route referred to is one of the great international highways of travel between the eastern and western States of the American Union, and some of the finest and fastest express trains on the continent speed across the chain of counties between the Detroit and St. Clair rivers on the west, and the Niagara River on the east, revealing to the traveller as rich and varied a pastoral land as any country can show, with a succession of prosperous cities and towns and farm lands, creating a happy union of the urban and the rural.

With the completion of hundreds of miles of provincial highways all through this part of the province, the motorist has an Eldorado



Port Dover Harbor

opened up for his pleasure and profit, and already a rising tide of automobile traffic has set in, and, with it, there are springing up comfortable and convenient motor camping parks, where

facilities are afforded the motorist who makes his car the main conveyance of his trip. Some enterprising communities, alert to the increasing travel that good roads are bringing, have set up ideally situated camps of this character. Hotel and other accommodation for the passing wayfarer are also in process of meeting modern conditions. Cosy tearooms and rest-houses line the routes, with the result that one may make one's way in comfort through the entire district.

Let us again choose Niagara Falls as the gateway for an imaginary jaunt through this Lake Erie land. After revelling in all that the falls and river have to reveal, the motorist may follow one of the new Government highways. The boulevard of the Niagara Falls Park System will, as has been pointed out, lead to Bridgeburg and Fort Erie, and to interesting historical relics in ruined fortress, grass-carpeted earthworks and stately monument, reminiscent of the war of 1812-14.

Following the winding shore line of the Niagara, or choosing one of the interior roads of Welland county, the visitor to this corner of Canada will enter upon a region



Jack Miner's wild goose pond near Kingsville



of unusual attractiveness all the way to Windsor or Sarnia. It will pay to search out every port along the shore, for each of these lakeside resorts and retreats has a charm of its own, though the waves of the same body of water caress the sinuous coast line.

Beaches abound : Erie and Crystal by way of samples, which have been discovered by thousands of Americans, and Canadians too, as ideal happy hunting grounds during the open-air season. Cities in miniature they are, centres of a rare holiday life, where the young keep young and the old step back into the enchanted realm of youth. And if there are beaches many and attractive, so there



A Street Scene in London

are ports wherever a bay makes a curving shore and a river empties into the bay. The wise traveller always seeks the water ; the lure of lake or stream is always potent. One would journey far to find, for example, a more charming stretch of a river course than the Grand as it ends its winding way at Port Maitland and is lost in the oblivion of the larger sea. What leagues of picturesque river roads carry one through valleys of pastoral richness! What charming scenic stretches are provided by the sloping banks, meeting in a distant perspective where the placid waters mirror nature in every detail! So to Lake Erie and a port on the lake. A port



spells ships and sailors and fisherfolk and all that is connected with the waters that cover the greater part of the earth.

As we continue on our westward way in this imaginative trip, other ports are so many links in the chain. Familiar to thousands is Port Dover, where Black Creek makes its contribution to the inland sea of Erie, and near where two adventurous Sulpician priests wintered in 1669-70, when Canada was New France and the old regime of the fleur-de-lis was the only regime the wilderness knew. Halt long enough to view the spot and then recall the scene and its intrepid though shadowy actors, when Canada was young.

More ports follow, in Rowan and Burwell and Stanley, taking one to and past the Long Point of wild duck fame, and along high



The Historic Talbot Mansion

cliffs and more beaches, with old homesteads silhouetted against the sky-line. One of the innumerable charms of this kind of trip, and this particular trip, is the inland part of the route, leading through league after league of country, where every farmstead proclaims prosperity and every barn displays generous capacity. Such is a country road in Old Ontario : a country road in this Erie stretch of Old Ontario. It is a feast for eye and mind and soul in any of the four seasons, but especially when the world is green with incipient growth, or when the farms are so many fields of cloth of gold in their harvest sheen. It is, moreover, a picture that is perfect in its setting, when a sweep of shimmering silver tells that Erie is still within view.

Port Stanley has for long years been a mecca for thousands, by



rail or road, through fair Elgin, or by boat from neighbouring Canadian and United States ports. Picturesque is this old water-side town, as restful as it is exhilarating, and annually winning more devotees. Still 'long-shore we proceed on our westward way. Clusters of cottages and bungalows face lake and roads, and a merry life is exhibited during the summer season, for other surprises and welcomes await the happy traveller at Rondeau, where the Ontario Government has set apart a unique park and forest reserve.

Kent and Essex maintain the reputation of Erie in the Sea Cliff Park of Leamington, and its neighbouring resort at Kingsville, and who shall say, or dare to say, which is the prettier ! Each makes you want to stay-a-while, and when a wayside inn issues this very hyphenated invitation, the conquest is complete.

All this time we have kept within sight or glimpse of Erie's strand, and have followed the nearest contiguous paved highway that traverses the province from Niagara Falls to Windsor, but there are other main roads and attractive thoroughfares which will lead to many an interesting centre. Welland, the town on the canal, is one ; St. Thomas, the lively railway centre, is another attractive city in an ideal area for motor trips. Tillsonburg and



Typical Ontario Fruit Orchards and Vineyards



Toronto Exhibition, Night Scene

Aylmer do not want to be passed by, and Rodney and Ridgetown are on the map.

To the west lies the chain of cities in Hamilton and Brantford, Woodstock and London, and Chatham and Windsor. Each is the



Toronto Exhibition, attended by over a million people annually



centre of a local area of interest, each a gateway to regions worth a visit, with radiating good roads.

WINDSOR AND SARNIA

Windsor is deservedly proud of its industrial and commercial importance, as is the quartette of towns, associated in civic co-operation as "the border cities" of Windsor, Walkerville, Sandwich and Ford, with Ojibway and Riverside as budding members of this community pact. Combined they make a constituency of 65,000 and present pictures of prosperity.

Sarnia, too, is no less worthy of a visit and a stay. The fertile area of Lambton county invites the exploring tourist to its garden lands, while at its front door lies a water pathway southward over the blue St.

Clair through scenes of Venetian suggestiveness, and northward to the inviting waters and shore line of Lake Huron, where we shall go in the next chapter, but not until the two main regional roads have been traversed ; one tapping the southern route already outlined from Niagara Falls to Windsor, or the parallel provincial highway that, swinging to the north, connects with St. Catharines and Hamilton and then due west to Brantford, Woodstock and London, and thence to Chatham with Windsor as its objective. Either route is ideal ; but both, covered as a loop, are recommended.

There remains yet another section of country ere this area is covered. Windsor and Sarnia have been referred to as gateways or exits to this part of Ontario. Both face great international waterways in the Detroit River and Lake and River St. Clair, and both possess civic and neighbouring attractions beyond the ordinary. Those deep-hearted streams bear on their waters a mighty current of commerce, affording tangible evidence of international trade while they are ideal pleasure routes.



The old Mohawk Church, near Brantford



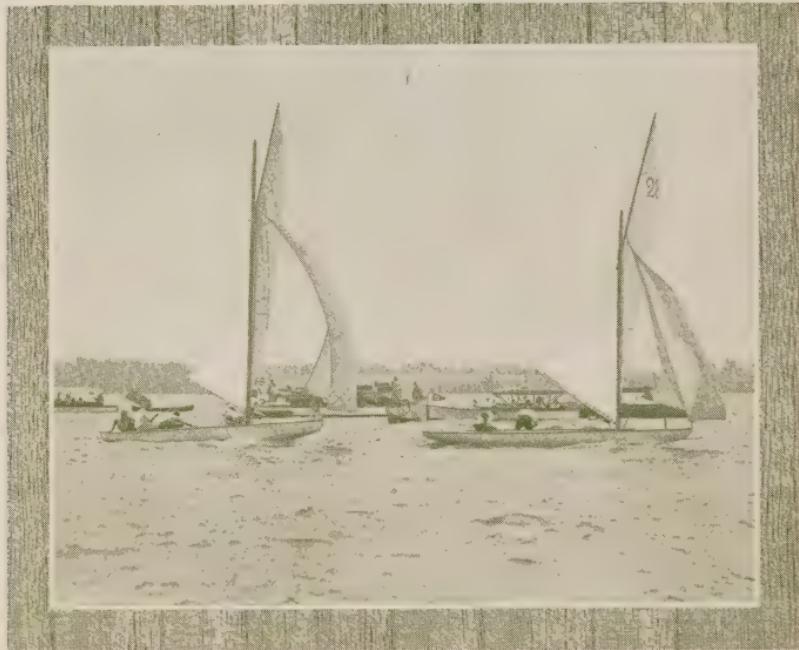
The Blue Water Highway Along Huron's Curving Shores

THE map of Ontario indicates still another choice section of the province, extending from Hamilton and Toronto to the picturesque shores of Lake Huron.

The very heart of Old Ontario is included in this comprehensive area, in a cluster of counties that represent the finest and most fertile of agricultural lands, with visible and tangible signs of material well-being on every hand, based upon the heroic foundation-laying of the pioneers of a century ago.

Peace, plenty, and prosperity are evidenced at every stage of the journey, and he who traverses this part of the province, by road or rail, will be delighted by the unfolding panorama. When Lake Huron is reached, a long stretch of varied shoreline, reaching from Sarnia on the south to the tip of the Bruce peninsula on the north, awaits exploration.

It is a happy corollary of the advent of the automobile in Ontario,



Some of Ontario's White Wings



SCENES ALONG LAKE HURON AND THEREABOUTS





that good roads have kept pace with the rapid development of traffic. The money grants of the Dominion Government, and the good roads programme of the Ontario Government, under its Department of Public Highways, further aided by municipal effort, are resulting in a network of eighteen hundred miles of modern paved highways of a high grade of excellence. The region outlined in this chapter has its share of these, as well as other improved thoroughfares, making practically every part accessible, while the railway service, with its numerous antennæ, also leads to every section of the country.

The motorist has a choice of routes over provincial, county and municipal roads. It is possible, for instance, to select an almost direct western way from Hamilton to Sarnia that will lead to and through a succession of growing centres of population, such as Galt and Kitchener, Stratford and St. Mary's, traversing the fine old-settled counties of Wentworth, Waterloo, Perth, Middlesex, and Lambton, with connecting roads to London and all the southern arteries thus made accessible. Or, by leaving this Hamilton-Sarnia highway at Stratford, the lakeport town of Goderich, "Huron's Golden Gate," is soon reached as one of the entrances to the Huron sea. A trio of towns, in Mitchell, Seaforth and Clinton, give diversity to the run, and with Bayfield as another bright little shore centre.

Or if Toronto is again utilized as a starting point, another



Where the water is just right



thoroughfare is at one's service, with Guelph as the first objective via Brampton, Georgetown and Acton, revealing the rural attractiveness of the old-settled counties of Peel and Halton.

From Guelph, a northward trail will ultimately bring the traveller to other points on Huron's banks, in Kincardine, Southampton and Port Elgin, with Wellington, Huron, and Bruce counties demonstrating their fertility and picturesqueness along every league of the route. Town after town, such as Harriston and Walkerton, Mount Forest and Durham, will welcome the arriving and speed the departing guest, and here, too, a number of centres have provided parking spaces and motor-camp sites, with provision for the three-meals-a-day necessity; and with tearoom and other refreshment conveniences at many a stopping place along the road.

THE INLAND SEA OF HURON

Finally, there comes the first glimpse of the blue waters of the great inland sea of Huron, reminiscent of the tribe of red men for whom it was long a happy hunting ground, but in later and tragic years, a graveyard as a result of the merciless attacks of their Iroquois foes. The modern voyager may, in imagination, put himself in the place of the intrepid Champlain and endeavour to reproduce his sensations as he stood on the shores of an oceanlike expanse and wondered and dreamed of what lay beyond.

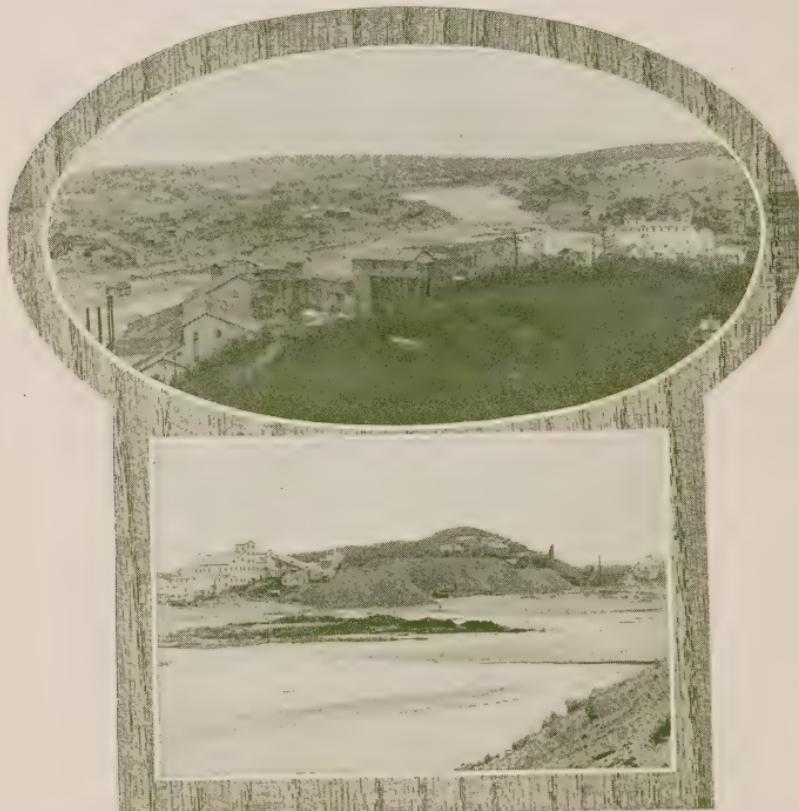
Sarnia is one of the natural gateways to the Huron country with the first of a series of lakeside resorts close at hand at Huron Beach. Here, from the broad verandah of a summer bungalow, one may watch a maritime panorama unequalled on any inland waters in the world. There is a fascination about ships that go down to the sea, and from the vantage point of a Huron bay or beach, all the myriad forms of modern craft, from the huge passenger boats and grain and ore-laden barges to the pleasure launches of the water-loving traveller, are to be seen on a summer's day.

As along Erie's borders, so along Huron's shores, nature has provided a succession of rendezvous and resorts of diverse charms. Other Ontario lakes have their long stretches of sandy beaches, inviting bather and swimmer; but Huron wins and holds its devotees and attracts new ones every succeeding season. It would be invidious to deal in comparisons, which would be unnecessarily odious in the cases of Goderich or Bayfield or Kincardine; of Port Elgin or Southampton; or Wiarton and along the shore to the tapering point of the Bruce peninsula. Each is a magnet for the twentieth-century motorist or wanderer by that or any other method of transportation.



An organization known as the Windsor-Goderich-Owen Sound Blue Water Highway Association is energetically promoting the "Blue Water Trunk Highway," bordering Lake Huron from Sarnia to Owen Sound. A beautiful shore route of 171 miles is already accessible to motorists and connects the western Ontario gateways of the province with the wide playground districts on the farther east and north. It will also connect the western and northern terminals of no less than eight east-and-west highways. Increased facilities for reaching this area of the province through the proposed highway will involve better access to fourteen ports and to scores of beauty spots, such as Kettle Point, Ipperwash Beach, Stoney Point, Rock Glen, Port Franks, Grand Bend, and many another in-between point along shore.

In a word, Huron offers a most varied, attractive and inexhaustible bill of fare to those who seek its hospitable shores.



Views of Cobalt and Its Mines in Northern Ontario, from which a hundred million dollars have been paid in dividends



TYPICAL PASTORAL SCENES IN OLD ONTARIO



SCENE NEAR SARNIA



AN ONTARIO
PASTORAL SCENE



GRAND BEND
NEAR LAKE HURON



ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE FARM - GUELPH



TYPICAL ONTARIO FARM SCENE



ON THE THAMES AT WOODSTOCK

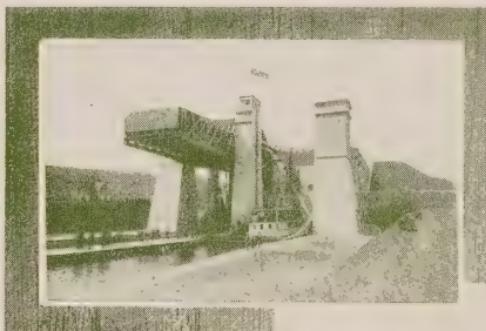


The Call of Kawartha and Quinte

IN the Kawartha and Quinte regions, two winsome summerland areas adjoin each other. One of the most accessible routes thereto is through Toronto, especially because it affords an opportunity of exploring the attractive shore line of Lake Ontario eastward, before turning northward to the localities referred to. Motoring over the famous Kingston Road—one of the pioneer highways of the province—through a succession of prosperous villages and towns, makes a delightful run, within sight for the most part of Lake Ontario on the south and a continuous panorama of highly cultivated landscape on the left. Thus Whitby and Oshawa, Bowmanville and Newcastle, Port Hope and Cobourg, Grafton and Colborne, Brighton and Trenton, pass in review, with intervening smaller centres, and so on to Belleville, Napanee and Kingston. This route is well worth covering.

At Cobourg, a huge railway ferry makes connection with the United States at the port of Charlotte and thus to Rochester and New York State connections, and in turn it is being increasingly used as an entrance to Canada. Reaching Ontario by this gateway, a garden-land is entered.

But it is time to head northward to the Kawartha district. Provincial highways run from Whitby to Lindsay via Port Perry as well as from Port Hope to Peterborough, with improved intersecting county or other municipal roads, passing through a country of real rural beauty.



Lift Lock
near
Peterboro



On Rice Lake



Equally good rail facilities radiate from the same junctions, leading to Peterborough and Lindsay. Both these centres are worthy of a visit. They are on the line of the Trent waterways that afford a motor-boat trip without equal on the continent for scenic surroundings or historic background, as it was one of the routes traversed by Champlain and his Indian allies early in the seventeenth century, to and from Lake Huron and further west. All the way from Trenton on the south to Port Severn, and the Georgian Bay waters on the north, this waterway of rivers and lakes and canals passes through an exceptionally interesting district. At Peterborough, the largest lift lock in the world is one of the sights of that progressive city.

On the way to Kawartha, preliminary glimpses of the lakeland country are had in the winding shores of Rice Lake, where wild rice



A Club Camp in Ontario's Lake Land

has been grown for centuries, attracting swarms of wild fowl to these ideal feeding grounds.

Few tourist districts of Ontario have more, or more convenient gateways than Kawartha. In addition to Peterborough and Lindsay, Lakefield, Fenelon Falls and Coboconk offer facilities for reaching this area of "bright waters and happy lands," as the Indian word Kawartha is said to mean.

The Kawartha chain, comprising nearly a score of beautiful lakes, constitutes in its entirety one of the most popular of Ontario's myriad playgrounds. The fact that they lie several hundred feet above the level of Lake Ontario, means that the summer climatic conditions are healthful and agreeable in the extreme. It is a paradise not only for the summer tourist but for the fisherman and canoeist, and the devotee of motor boating or sailing. In addition there is the best of bathing and swimming. Many a member of the



finny tribe is to be found in the lakes—huge maskinonge, fighting bass and tasty salmon trout, with the even more edible speckled trout inhabiting the smaller streams. It is not to be wondered at that Kawartha has for many a year been the favorite summerland objective of thousands of tourists, both Canadian and American.

Entering this attractive lakeland country, let us sample Clear Lake by way of a start. Does not its very name tell its fame? Without a single isle or promontory, its five-mile stretch of water affords a picture of beauty. A clear lake it truly is. Stoney Lake affords an interesting contrast with its bevy of no less than eight hundred islands, nearly all crowned with a healthy growth of timber, their pine and balsam sending forth fragrant aromas. Both camper and cottager are here very much in evidence, with good-sized colonies of summer dwellers and large summer hotels at strategic points.

WHERE LAKES ABOUND

Other lakes are no less alluring : Buckhorn on the east; Sturgeon, Cameron and Balsam on the west; with Chemong and Pigeon and others entering the contest as to which is the prettiest. Who would undertake to judge between them? One need not discount the praise of the lover of Kawartha as his favorite region ; he is well within the range of truth in singing of its beauties and sounding its charms.

Returning to Lake Ontario from an exploration of Kawartha, the city of Belleville will be our next objective, both as an important centre of population and as the gateway to the Quinte country. Tall spires in the distance above the treetops help to locate this fine old county seat, its founders having chosen well its site. Beautiful for situation, Belleville is not the least of the attractive cities of Canada that cover the continent from ocean to ocean. It is, moreover, one of the series of important lake ports, facing the Bay of Quinte, a waterway of magnificent sweep, its shores marked with many a reminder of the history of the past and of the United Empire Loyalists as the pathfinders to a new region. The bay affords ideal conditions for all kinds of aquatic sports and water navigation, and presents a marine panorama of outstanding interest.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY

Neighbouring Belleville is the peninsular county of Prince Edward, now made into an island by the cutting of the Murray Canal into Lake Ontario at the western end of the bay. It is doubtful if all Ontario can show a fairer corner, in the excellent roads—part of a provincial highway and county roads—the highly cultivated farms, and the rolling landscape bordered in every direc-



tion by the blue waters of Ontario, and with exquisite lakes in the interior, in East and West lakes, and the strange lake on the mountain at Glenora near Picton. It is also a cherry land, and a cherry blossom land, like Japan, and the sight of the blossoming beauty in the spring or of the miles of red fruit in the summer delights the eye.

Prince Edward county has another unique attraction in its sandbanks, making beaches of ideal smoothness, whilst high hills of the shifting sands ever encroach inland. Long noted as a summer resort, the sandbanks are visited annually by thousands of summer seekers, and the roads leading to them, lined by sentinel rows of stately oaks and elms, add to the pleasure of the trip.

And what shall be said of Picton, nestling at the head of a beautiful bay, with wooded slopes and thriving farms making up a landscape picture of exceptional charm? Here, too, the water lover may revel in his favourite pastimes. Here and there white wings of sailboats divide the waters with the now ubiquitous motor boats, with their incredible speed, all carrying loads of happy holiday-makers amid surroundings "where every prospect pleases."

Northward from Belleville, another system of roads leads through the heart of Hastings to the far end of the long county. There are on every hand many evidences of mineral wealth in the mining towns that are passed along the route. The very names of Eldorado and Bannockburn and Bessemer and Actinolite are suggestive. Together with the farming and dairying districts and the timber areas, this part of the province possesses a rich wealth in natural resources.



A Cathedral Aisle in Rondeau Park



IN THE BUSINESS HEART OF TORONTO



KING AND YONGE STREETS - TORONTO



The Highlands of Frontenac

IT is wonderful, as ten thousand tourists will prove in the coming season, how much of beauty and charm and sport may lie hidden in a single county. Such a one is the county of Frontenac, of which Kingston is the best-known centre. It is truly remarkable that at this stage of the world's quest for recreation and health and beauty, a reservoir of all three such as is found in this historic county should be so largely unknown. Two great poems have been taken by immortality from time's careless keeping into her own; one named "Paradise Lost", the other "Paradise Regained", but we know of another that altogether deserves to be characterized as "Paradise Undiscovered." It lies within the confines of this wonderful county which bears the name of the great French hero. We do not hesitate to say that when the charms of this cornucopia of beauty become really known, it will cope successfully with any other group of summer scenes of the North American continent, and will well repay an entire summer holiday devoted to its charms.

Many pleasures await the tourist who makes his way to Kingston, the ancient city that nestles on the bosom of the St. Lawrence, arms himself with a camping outfit (unless he prefers the hospitality of hotels), provides a fitting fishing outfit, and makes his way to this fairy north-land. No fewer than 550 lakes await him in this one county alone. If this rich dower of Nature's hand can be surpassed by any other county on the continent, let the tidings be wired to us. These lakes, cooled by the northern breezes, and glistening in the Canadian sun, are as acceptable for bathing as they are for boating, for boating as for fishing, and for beauty as for all three beside. Millions of fish inhabit them; and, speaking generally, none has yet disturbed their ancient solitary reign.

Let us visualize swiftly a delightful motor trip. The tourist leaves Kingston northward bound. The road is fair for motoring. Numerous villages, such as Harrowsmith, Verona and Parham are swiftly passed, all ensconced in fairy scenery, the inevitable lakes, ever and anon flashing upon the tourist's eye. It may here be parenthetically stated that some of the townships in this county are fully one-half water, fittingly defined as terraqueous, to employ a rare and imposing word. Eagle Lake, Bob's Lake, Crow Lake, Long Lake—the names are significant of the primeval wild. One of the largest is Sharbot Lake, already discovered by a few rejoicing chronic tourists, some of whom have



splendid cottages, others having the no less delightful habitation of a cabin or tent.

Pressing north for a distance of fourteen miles, the traveller encounters the village of Clarendon, then later Crutch Lake, ten miles in length, its water beautiful and clear, the silvery home of innumerable finny denizens, who await the hitherto almost unknown worm or fly. Continuing north from this point, one occasionally desries cozy homesteads in incipient villages, but for the most part all is wrapped in the unstained and undisturbed habiliments of nature.

SYLVAN WILDS

The civilization, it is true, has so far invaded these sylvan and watery wilds as to provide quite worthy accommodation here and there; as for instance at the village of Ompah, where the accommodation is as good as the sport, which is saying much. Or who can forget an arrival, just as the sun is setting, at Myer's Cave, the spot as romantic as the name. Last summer, arriving there at eventide, we saw prostrate on the grass, their sportive career forever done, between thirty and forty aristocrats of the black bass family, averaging 3 lbs. in weight. What the aggregate fight was before their watery race was run, none but the experienced fisherman can imagine.

The Scotch writer, Hugh Miller, has somewhere said that the



Panoramic View of Kingston



human mind cannot imagine anything greater in extent or height than the human eye can actually compass. We are reminded of this when we endeavour to give a fitting description of the aggregate charm of these wonderful highlands. Bit by bit they might be described, the whole account finally passed up, but this is forbidden by time and space. To give worthy tribute of a general kind, one perhaps cannot do better than to say that the distinguishing feature of this far-flung paradise, as impressed upon the mind by a motor trip covering the best part of two days, is the feature of its wonderful sustainedness in varied features of attraction. Varied as all natures vary, yet uniform as marks all its wondrous harmony. Just as no two faces are quite alike, so as one rides



Bon Echo Rock

on and on, the ever changing, ever similar glories of this fairy and inviting region refresh and delight the traveller's eye. Towering hills, gentle valleys, frowning promontories, deep shadowy chasms, lakes that lie candidly near the surface, or others that repose coiling in shy retreat at the mountain's feet; verdure and foliage everywhere, shrub and flower and tree, on the level and on the hillside, as if covetous of every yard of space; limpid waters that give back the cloudery of the sky, all bathed in the cooling, healing breezes of this mystic northland—these all unite to justify our claim that the Highlands of Frontenac, with but few such scenes close to the confines of civilization survive in their unspoiled beauty, in any part of the American continent. It is always to be remembered,



especially if you have the camping instinct, that a multitude of these lakes are reserved by the Crown—and that 66 feet from the water's edge are reserved by the Government, with natural consequent hospitality for the nights of canvas and the frying-pan. You are at liberty to pitch tents anywhere there. Let us swiftly interject, lest we forget, the momentous statement that in this region, absolutely, hay fever simply retreats with cowered footsteps into the darkness whence it came.

THE CAMPER'S COUNTRY

We repeat our challenge to the camper. Common to any one of these thousand spots, where all nature seems aglow, with an expectation as eager as that with which her lovers greet her; pause beside this lambent lake or that; the sylvan beauty is worthy of the be-shadowed water setting, which combines with an ever refreshing air to make this an ideal haunt for rest and recreation. Certainly the three prime requisites for the summer holiday are solitude, beauty and recreation. A glance at some of these enchanting scenes, which the artist has here reproduced, assures the tourist that the first two are his for the coming. And a little skill and patience will soon convince him that the third is to be had in almost inexhaustible abundance. Come hither if you would know the restfulness of some such scene as is here portrayed, enhanced by the sublimity of towering rock, keeping its eternal vigil above the pellucid waters that nestle at its' feet. The very stamp of substantiality and reality joins with the softer elements of sparkling air and glistening lake, to provide the sense of restfulness and reality wherewith nature loves to soothe the tired hearts and furrowed brows of all who yield to her magic ministry.

If you have found life's rapids rough, and its eddies distracting and deceitful, come to some such enchanting scene as is reflected somewhere in these pictured pages. Choose your own stream, for its lullaby is for all weary toilers who can catch in its babbling melody the majesty and calm and hope, its settled rhetoric somehow telling us how trifling are life's little troubles when compared with the vastness of the forest whence it came; the overhanging sky, beneath which it makes its way, the waiting ocean in whose bosom it will find its own rest at last.

Or would you have a glimpse at the human side of life, amid the vast and caressing solitudes of these northern wilds of Frontenac? If so, cultivate the acquaintance of some of these habitants of the north, the men who will carry your canoe, or row your boat, or pitch your tent, or build your fire. Many an eminent American business man, before next summer's sun has set, will cherish vivid



memories of the quaint and interesting personalities of the north, strong, fearless, independent, some of them fascinating. Many a warm friendship has thus been formed with humble but faithful guides, who come to have a value far beyond the mere monetary reward their kindness and faithfulness have won.

But we have deviated a little from our forest road. Pursuing it from Myer's Cave, it flowers at last in fitting climax in the wonderful beauty spot known as Bon Echo. This is a wilderness resort of surpassing beauty. This pen is wielded by one who has seen the



On the Portage



SAMPLES OF ONTA



AN ONTARIO HIGHWAY



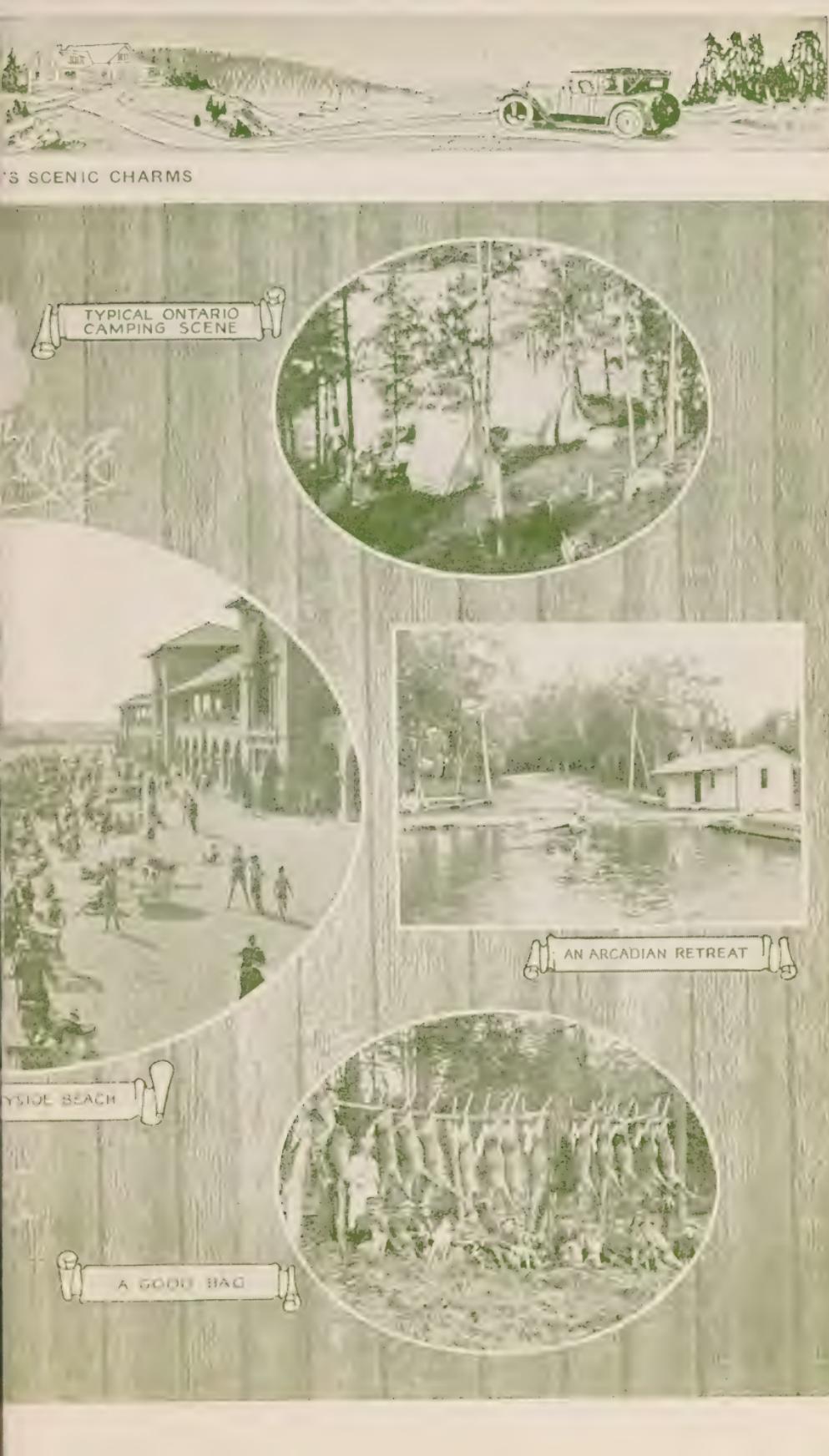
A SCENIC CHARM



A GOOL CATCH



TORONTO S



'S SCENIC CHARMS

TYPICAL ONTARIO
CAMPING SCENE

AN ARCADIAN RETREAT

A GOOD BAG

BAYSIDE BEACH



glories of Switzerland, worshipped at the Italian lakes, gazed upon the majesty of Gibraltar; but who conscientiously declares that nothing in all these storied regions smote him with more powerful impact of impressive strength and beauty than thrilled his heart when first he strode across the wide rotunda of Bon Echo Inn, and gazed in wonder upon the mighty Rock, 1000 feet from watery base to sunlit brow, which loomed before him like an impersonation of the Judgment Day. It is difficult to believe that from either Toronto or Montreal one may reach this wonder spot with eight hours' travel; and equally difficult to realize that a hotel so sufficient in its proportions and perfect in its appointments, should rise upon the bosom of a region so remote and wild. From the wide verandas of the Inn, glorious views of the upper and lower Mazinaw Lakes stretch for shining miles. All about this point, the facilities of the Inn eligible to them all, are cottages and cottage tents for such as desire the comfort of the Inn service, and the seclusion of their own homes. Not seclusion alone, but sanctity too, so long as the Rock, a sheer mass of red granite, and as wonderful a specimen of scenic majesty as there is in Canada, keeps its eternal vigil and preaches its eternal word. In majestic calm it stands aloft, its vast surface changing its colour with changing moods of sky and water, like silent melody, while beneath are the gleaming sand beaches, indented with children's feet, or echoing to the laughter of a picnic party, the contrast sweet and significant beyond words to tell.

A CLUSTER OF LAKES

Within a radius of fifteen miles of the Rock, no fewer than seventy lakes, and their teeming inhabitants, call with silent and insistent rhetoric for a visit from the beauty-lover and the sportsman. In these waters, the small-mouthed black bass, always a beauty-loving fish, finds his coronation of size and strength and pugnacity. We had almost forgotten that situated within these Highlands is what is known as the Eastern Forest Reserve, owned by the Government of Ontario, and containing 450 square miles of territory fresh from the Maker's hand.

We close as we began. Let him who would prove for himself the richly romantic treasure of Northern Frontenac, dedicate just sufficient of his time to taste and see. A motor journey, consuming the best part of two days, will reveal an astounding and ever-changing panorama, spread out upon the canvas that only the Divine Artist could employ. Winding roads, and remarkably good roads at that, will lead the enchanted pilgrim past hill and rock and towering trees and sparkling lakes, flashing with unwearyed delight and surprise upon refreshed and wondering eye.



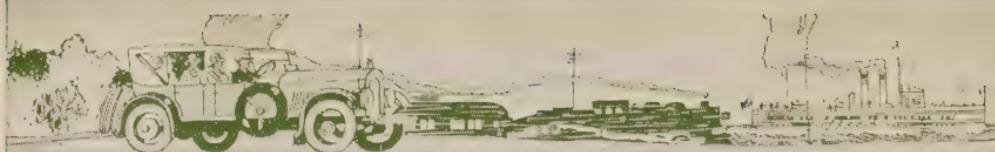
The St. Lawrence River and The Thousand Islands

THE St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands are known wherever rivers or archipelagos are sought or loved. It is quite within the mark to say that the St. Lawrence River is the grandest stream known to men.

One of the finest motor drives on the continent is that which leads the tourist through the rich agricultural and manufacturing district lying between Toronto and the Thousand Islands; not to be concluded then, for it still makes its interesting way clear through to the Quebec boundary, and on, if the tourist so elect, to metropolitan Montreal. This drive from Toronto eastward is really one of great charm and interest. The road itself is a Government



Among the Beautiful Thousand Islands near Gananoque



highway, and as perfect as can be wished for or attained. Nothing could be finer in all the fine Province of Ontario than the rival views which claim the traveller's attention as he glides eastward along this model road. These rival claims are those of the river on the one hand, and the splendid agricultural area on the other. As for the river, it were difficult to speak too highly of its charm. Owing to the enormous drainage basin of Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence, unlike all other streams, maintains an unchanging fullness without variation of low water or of overflow. The spaciousness of its area, the fulness of its volume, the clarity of its waters, the purity of its air, and the variety of its wooded banks, the majestic movement of its course, all combine to make the St. Lawrence a thing apart in the world of scenic beauty. It is the inalienable possession of the United States and Canada alike, and above its pellucid waters may be seen, throughout the entire summer, their commingled flags. Rich in story as in beauty, its banks afford to the student of history many points of interest to beguile and instruct.

THE LANDSCAPE VIEW

Scarcely less engaging is the landscape view. The country through which the tourist rolls, especially between Toronto and Kingston is one of singular pastoral beauty. Broad acres partly tilled, and partly under pasture, dotted with noble trees or variegated with picturesque streams, or enlivened by splendid herds of splendid cattle, comprise the rich and prosperous farms of this smiling portion of Ontario. From side to side the eye turns with impartial zest, now attracted by the majestic river, now beguiled by the genial landscape, the whole crowned by such blue of sky and quickened by such salubriousness of air, as seem to be found only on the banks of this King of waters.

The first city of consequence to be reached—after leaving Belleville—is the old limestone city—the storied city of Kingston. This ancient burg—for it is nearing its 250th birthday—will well repay a visit. Quebec City itself is scarcely more rich in story or substantial in structure, or quaint in life than this old college town which stands at the gateway of the Thousand Islands. It has been the early home of many of Canada's most distinguished men, and Queen's University, one of the great Canadian seats of learning, will prove of kindred interest to all graduates or lovers of academic halls.

Leaving Kingston, and still pursuing the highway which runs right on to the Quebec boundary, the next place of consequence to be reached is Gananoque. This romantic town, nestling in the very



heart of the Thousand Islands, has splendid hotel accommodation, as thousands of American tourists already know. Here capable guides are waiting to ply their sportive occupation and quite as capable fish are waiting for the guides. A pause here will be a memorable break in a memorable journey. Indeed this interim might well be lengthened sufficiently to permit of an incursion from Gananoque into the interior. The famous Rideau Lakes can easily be reached from here. Charleston Lake is a favourite objective point. Further on, to the everlasting reward and gratitude of those who reach them, are to be found the Highlands of Frontenac, with their 550 lakes, and their five hundred million fish. All of this region is rich in evidences of the old Laurentian geological formation extending between Kingston and Brockville, the latter a picturesque river town about twenty miles farther east. This Laurentian system holds in its bosom—so the poets tell us, and

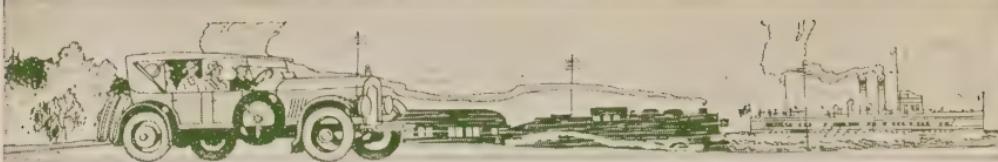


Queen's University, Kingston

the geographers do not dispute the stupendous claim—somewhere in the neighbourhood of 10,000 lakes. Furthermore, millions upon millions lie entombed in its hidden and undeveloped mineral wealth.

Pressing on eastward—and by the way finding numerous satisfactory hotels as you go—the tourist comes to the aforementioned town of Brockville. This town can be reached easily by ferry from the American side. Brockville marks the eastern end, as Kingston the western of the far-famed Thousand Islands; and, like its genial neighbour, possesses adequate facilities for all the rest and recreation so grateful to the summer tourist.

Still bowling along the unwearied highway, the next town to be reached is Prescott, an ancient and honourable burg which has held its sentinel on what is colloquially known as the "Front." Im-



mediately opposite Prescott on the American side is the thriving city of Ogdensburg from which the frequent ferry service bears the north-bound travellers to the Canadian side. All of these principal points are accessible by ferry from the American border. To Kingston, Gananoque, Brockville and Prescott access may be had by this mode of travel. One of the most interesting local features in the neighbourhood of Prescott is the Windmill, associated with the Battle of the Windmill, familiar to all students of the Rebellion of 1837. From Prescott the same splendid highway leads the traveller, so inclined, on to Ottawa, the Capital City of the Dominion.

PREScott AND CORNWALL

Farther eastward, the highway still continued, is the town of Cornwall, which is quite worthy of a tourist's visit. It ought to be added, parenthetically, that all along the St. Lawrence in this eastern section, are numerous rapids of great beauty. And one of the beguiling features to the motorist is to watch the smaller craft shooting these excited and exciting eruptions in the stately stream. At Prescott the tourist, if travelling by boat, may leave the larger boat—or if by motor, the car, and can join his adventurous brethren, and himself shoot these rapids in the suitable smaller craft.

The tourist who is interested in the curiosities of human life will find much to employ the thoughtful mind, in the observation of the confluence here of two races, each representing a splendid stock from the old world. These fruitful farms—for roughness and primitiveness have steadily retreated with the journey—swelling into ever greater beauty—each tenanted by two different, but equally worthy stocks, for on the one side of the road will often be found the solid substantial Scotch settler, while on the other the peasant habitant tills his farm with equal zest and industry.

Many other emotions will be awakened here. The evidences on every hand of an infant nation which dreams a dream, and forebodes a destiny of which she herself is hardly conscious: a vision, within the eye of the traveller, of the great Canadian National Railway, which is said to have the greatest mileage of any railway in the world; the still perceptible relics of the Indian tribes that have retreated before the advance of civilization; the tides of commerce by land and water, that betoken a future beyond the utmost dream; the possibilities of the development of power through the agency of this mighty stream, that will, when harnessed, eclipse anything the world has ever seen—all of this, joined to perfect air, and perfect sport and perfect beauty, lends a charm and zest to this favoured section which it is impossible to describe.



The Rideau Lakes

ONE of the oldest and most picturesque sections of Ontario is that which is generally described as the Rideau Lakes. The district is comprised of a romantic succession of lakes, rivers, islands and woodlands which are strung together like jewels on a cord, by the Rideau Canal and River. These latter twain form the medium of connection between Ottawa and Kingston. The canal, which was begun by Colonel By (from whom the present city of Ottawa, long known as Bytown, took its name) was constructed in the very early days of the country's history, dating back to the early twenties of the last century. Let it be said at the beginning—lest we forget—that the fishing in this district, less spacious and more intensive as it is than in some larger regions, may be reasonably defined as second to none in Ontario.

The entrance to this fascinating region may be made from Kingston, from Gananoque, or from Brockville with the aid of a branch railway, as the tourist may elect. And even if the wondering traveller has only left behind him, as will probably be the case, the glories of the Thousand Islands, he will yet find no



A Scene on the Rideau near Fermoy



disenchantment as he makes his way among the kindred charms of this adjoining paradise, less known to the world though it may be. In fact, the two are blood relations—and the very features which have given the one its world-wide fame, are to be found in exact miniature in the other.

Among the beauty spots of this favoured region are Gananoque Lake, South Lake, White Fish Lake (at Morton) to Jones Falls on the Rideau Canal, thence to Chaffey's Locks, Newboro, Westport, Portland, and the Ferry on to Smith's Falls—and thence meander on to Ottawa, mostly by river.

The lake at Westport (on the upper Rideau) is the highest point of the region, from that apex sloping down in each direction to Kingston or Ottawa. These lakes are especially distinguished by the almost unfathomable depth of some of them, a fact which has its significance in explaining the rare brand of fish and fishing which make them the particular darling of such sportsmen—comparatively few—as are familiar with their resources and their charm. Perhaps it is accounted for by the fact that there is a great system of lakes feeding into them, from all the surrounding country.

WHERE THE FISHING IS GOOD

In any case, the fishing is exceptionally fine. Memory still loves to linger on a placid June evening when, alighting at Chaffey's Locks, we made our way up the gentle green-swarded slope that leads to one of the most picturesque tourist hotels in Canada. And memory loves to experience once again that delightful thrill, to "recapture that first fine careless rapture" provoked when one's eye fell casually upon seventeen or twenty beautiful small-mouthed bass that were sleeping their last sleep upon this alien shore, while two proud agents of their removal from their watery home stood gloating above these gleaming trophies of their skill.

These beautiful summer resorts lie at the foot of the Laurentian Mountains, as fascinating from the scenic standpoint as from the sportsman's point of view. There are abundant alternatives for the fisherman or the beauty-seeker, or the soul in quest of the sheer luxury of Nature's masterpieces. For instance, there is Portland Lake, the largest lake in the section, distinguished by its wealth of salmon and of bass.

Or if the traveller should prefer to enter from Brockville, he will pass from Athens near Charleston Lake—which is well stocked with both these treasures above mentioned, then on to Delta between the upper and lower Beverley Lakes, where there is excellent bass fishing; thence to Newboro and Portland as before.

Government fry have been placed in all these lakes for the last



three years; and the golden stream will be replenished during the present season in exceptionally generous measure.

It is always to be remembered that these beauty spots of Leeds and along the Rideau system of the Provincial highway from Kingston to Smith's Falls, are all accessible by motor, the roads to be conscientiously described as quite reasonably good. The hotel accommodation too, while simple and unpretentious, will be found quite satisfactory by every reasonable guest. It is interesting to reflect that this description which, if it errs at all, errs in the



Chaffey's Locks, Rideau Canal

moderation of its statement, will doubtless fall beneath the quickening eye of some unforgetting New Yorker who has already discovered the separate charms of this so little known chain of glistening gems, for at various points, and in several of the different hotels, we have met with eminent New Yorkers, sunburnt, and ruddy and refreshed, who have privately informed us, with many a chuckle, that after wide experience of rival regions all over this broad continent, they return again and again with new zest and ever eager anticipation to the charms and the seclusion and the sporting productiveness of the lovely Rideau Lakes.



Ottawa: Its City, River and Valley



New Parliament Buildings

ONE of the most enjoyable trips in Ontario, and one with the most generous perspective, is that which may be enjoyed by the tourist who chooses to make the varied trip comprising a motor run north and north-west to North Bay, returning by a southward route to Toronto. The itinerary is full of variety and charm, affording the traveller a glimpse of the rich and varied farm lands and life of the Premier Province in the Dominion. Driving through the rich farm lands that skirt the route, a smiling and prosperous agricultural country greets him on every hand. A grazing, grain-growing, fruit-producing country is thus variegated in landscape, crowned with noble trees, dotted with comfortable farmsteads, smiling with spacious orchards, and marked throughout by an atmosphere of peace and prosperity which it were difficult to surpass. Besides this, a feature of interest, especially to the American tourist, is the observance of the different modes and types of life which characterize this interesting slice of the Great Empire, having an individuality all their own, and its many points of difference, although so close to our great neighbour, whose touring citizens are always so welcome to our shores.

This section may be invaded either from the city of Kingston



on the St. Lawrence, previously described, or from Gananoque, an adjoining industrial centre on the noble river, which boasts one of the best of our summer hotels, from whose verandas one looks into the very heart of the Thousand Islands, and at whose hands disciples of Walton may be equipped for a day or two's fishing among the Islands, if so they choose, before setting forth on the jaunt referred to. Or Brockville, also on the river, and a prosperous town of 12,000 inhabitants, and equipped with good hotels, one exceptionally so and large as well, may be chosen as the starting point, having the advantage of direct railway connection with Ottawa. Or still again the town of Prescott, hard by which is the old Wind-Mill, storied as the scene of battle in the rebellion of 1837-8, may afford a starting point for the first leg of the journey, Prescott being the St. Lawrence terminus of the Provincial Highway to Ottawa.

CANADA'S FEDERAL CAPITAL

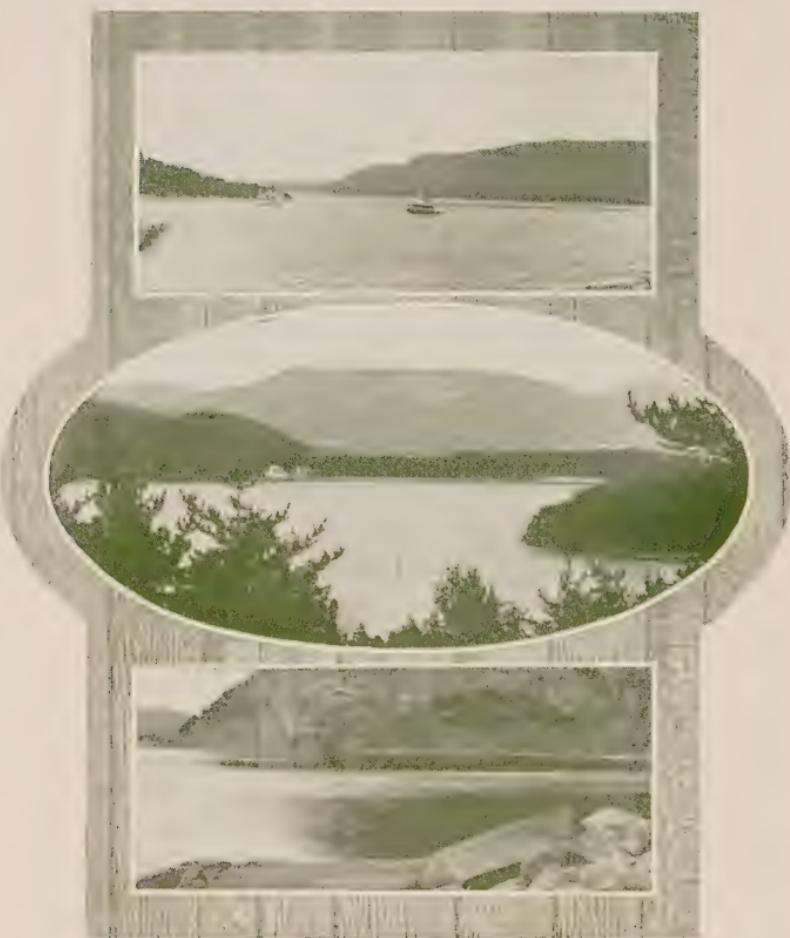
To visit this most northerly capital of the continent is itself worth the long motor drive, which by the way is made over roads of very reasonable worth. The city itself comprises a population of about 120,000, of which a large proportion are descendants of the old French stock, associated with the names of Jacques Cartier, Montcalm, and many others who have given to the early history of this north-eastern section of Canada its romantic glory. Indeed, the tourist may find in Ottawa many of the medieval and Old World features, in quest of which thousands annually turn their footsteps toward the ancient city of Quebec. The life of the French peasant is churches and religious interests. The melodious lilt of his fascinating language may be seen and heard on every hand.

Ottawa is celebrated throughout the world for the beauty of its situation, finding its crown in the majestic promontory on which the massive Parliament Buildings have their home. This noble pile, recently restored since its destruction by fire at a cost of about \$9,000,000, is one of the architectural beauties of the continent. The group of noble edifices, flanked on the one hand by the Chateau Laurier, one of the best hotels in America, and on the other by the headquarters of the Supreme Court of Canada, always a source of interest to tourists from abroad, overlooks from a great height the glorious sweep of the Ottawa River, beyond which the slope and the peaceful valleys of the Province of Quebec, rise slowly as they recede, until they find their crown in the Laurentian Mountains, whose blue-tinted summits lose themselves as they mingle with the kindred clouds.

This river, the second most imposing in North America, affords a delightful entertainment in the timber industry, as a result of



which the tens of thousands of logs may be seen by the tourist, brought from the distant north by picturesque "raftsmen" of storied fame, which may be seen on their picturesque passage from the Chaudiere Rapids, leaping and splashing in the sunlight half a mile below the mighty promontory that boasts the lovers' walk about its girdle and the Parliament Buildings on its brow.



Scenery along the Upper Ottawa

At vast expense, the Dominion Government has emulated the enterprise of the Government to the south, its ambition frankly being to make this Canadian Capital the "Washington of the North." To this end, drives of great beauty have been provided by the Government, compassing the capital, and specially



featured by the lovely road which skirts the old Canal, now almost one hundred years of age, and takes in the Dominion Agricultural Farm, where all Canadians may find much to proudly admire, and where we may modestly venture to state even our American cousins may find not a little to emulate and adopt.

On leaving Ottawa, a drive of rare interest, and for the most part along excellent roads, may be enjoyed by following the river from Ottawa to North Bay. This will take the tourist along a route that combines the scenic and the pastoral in remarkable measure. On the route throughout nearly the entire journey is the stately volume of the Ottawa River, while round about him is the refreshing union of rural and semi-urban life. Thriving towns such as Almonte, Carleton Place, Arnprior, Renfrew, Cobden and Pembroke, all with many features of agricultural, industrial and lumbering interest, beguile the way.

PEMBROKE AND THE UPPER OTTAWA

At Pembroke the tourist can enjoy a delightful boat trip to Fort William and Des Joachim. The scenery along this stretch of the Ottawa is the very finest. Just north of Pembroke is the famous Petawawa Camp, where the tourist may witness the eloquent relics that still survive of a great training station for Canadian soldiers, as they girded on their armour for the mightiest struggle of the ages. The Crow's Nest, the abode of the officers, will well repay a visit, occupying as it does an elevated position of romantic interest, and commanding a wonderful view of the Ottawa River and all its attendant panorama. From there onward to Mattawa, a centre of the lumbering industry and the fur industry, and famed for half a century as a vantage ground for the adventurous tourist, bent on the northern wilds, the outing is one of constant charm and interest.

After North Bay is reached, the southern descent begins. From that point, as far south as Orillia, the traveller is really passing through the wilds, a region enriched by all the perquisites of forest and lake and stream and river, until the borders of an older civilization are reached again. Straight across Parry Sound, a primitive district, will he come to Scotia Junction, thence south to Huntsville which marks the gateway of the world-famed Lake of Bays, then on to Bracebridge and Washago. Passing them he will come to Orillia and its famous Lake Couchiching. A few miles farther south bring him to Barrie, nestling as few towns of the world are privileged to nestle, on the outer bosom of Lake Simcoe, the dimpled bay pointing the way to the lake beyond. From there on, along splendid roads, and passing through a swift succession of towns that betoken the deepening life that leads to the great city, he finds himself again on the shores of Lake Ontario.



IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO



FAR FROM THE
MADDING CROWD

BOYS CAMP
CACHE LAKE



WHERE COMFORT AND
HAPPINESS MEET



IN THE HIGHLANDS
OF ONTARIO

SCENE ON
LAKE OF BAYS



CACHE LAKE - ALGONQUIN PARK



Muskoka and Lake of Bays

MUSKOKA! What a musical name! charged with the witching melody which characterizes so much of the terminology the retreating Indian has passed on to his white supplanters. Yet, like the name of Horace Greeley, it is familiar to tens of thousands who could tell you no more about it than that it has often charmed their ears, and that they hope some day to see for themselves the region which its very mention seems to conjure up before the mind.

And why should they not! For Muskoka, laughing, frowning, listening, echoing, incense-breathing, health-imparting, pleasure-providing Muskoka is not,—

“Far away in some region old
Where rivers wander o'er snows of gold”,

nor to be reached only after long endurance of travel by devious and complicated routes, and at great expense and toil; but it is with you, even at your doors. All travellers worthy of the name come to Toronto—and it is only a run of 112 miles from Toronto, and 212 miles from Buffalo, to Muskoka Wharf Station. Or, if you prefer to come via Toronto to Bala Park or Lake Joseph Station, you are amid the glories of Muskoka then and there. Splendidly equipped trains from Toronto bear you thither, swift and eager, as if their own inanimate hearts were impatient to make the glad ascent that leads from the dust and heat and turmoil of the crowded lowlands to the pure air, the “coolth” and tranquility which have given to the Muskoka name its music and its fame.

At Muskoka Wharf alighting, the expectant traveller is greeted by the refreshing vision of modern and splendidly appointed steam-boats, their throbbing prows turned toward the fairy realms which comprise the innumerable resorts, from metropolitan hotel to lowly tent, which are to be found in such profusion along the shores of the three charming sisters, known as Lake Muskoka; Lake Joseph and Lake Rosseau.

The Muskoka lake region has established its ever-increasing charm for now these many years. Its patronage grows upon the momentum of its own capacity for pleasure and profit; upon its untiring beauty, as untiring as untired, and its superior class of lovers who appear year after year, each bringing with him the ever-growing number of those who in turn are to become its devotees and the enhancers of its fame. Nor is it to be wondered at that each



succeeding year brings its added quota of worshippers at this so diversified shrine of health and beauty. Perhaps it should be said that one great feature of Muskoka's charm is an element which we always love to greet, whether in personality, in literature, in architecture or in nature; that element is the element of surprise, always captivating whether met with in poet, plowman or preacher. And is there any gem of the scenic world that unfolds before the eyes of the wondering visitor more productive of glad surprise than the myriad unsuspected beauties which one by one disclose themselves to the tourist when he first beholds and explores Muskoka? A glance at even the most generous map reveals to the uninitiated only a few dots on its face, as representing the location and scope of the Muskoka district. But let him turn his steps toward the reality—and the multitude of islands, the extent and beauty of the lakes, the diversified and hospitable shore line, all break in wonder and surprise upon the eye.

A MAZE OF BEAUTY

It is all a maze of beauty; and as your steamer winds through the captivating labyrinth, you wonder at the skill and accuracy of the captain of the vessel that makes its way to each calling point, as to an old familiar friend. About you are the pellucid waters with all their tribes of finny beings, who live in a world more distant from our own than if it were separated from us by a distance of ten thousand miles. Above you is a canopy of a different kind from that which you left behind, the difference all the more real because it is impalpable and undefinable. On every hand swift craft, many of them floating colours of the Great Republic, as well as those of the Imperial Kingdom, flash gaily on their way, vocal of song and laughter from old and young, from the strong throats of men and the sweet lips of women. Around you and above you as you woo the shore are steep woodlands at whose feet nestle pretty cottages, hotels and summer villas, within whose walls or leafy bowers of their own nestle the happy holiday-makers who dream their dreams of love and health and joy, realizing them even while they dream.

And who can describe the wonderful air of the Muskokas? Gentle and friendly, yet strong and stimulating, laden with the breath of ten million pines, and charged from the great dynamo of the Magnetic North, this air joins with the life-giving water, pure as crystal, and rich in vegetable and mineral properties to perform its age-long ministry of healing to mind and body, which so many thousands have found here, after all other pilgrimages have ended only in failure and disappointment. It is the



PEEPS AT THE SPACIOUS PLAYGROUNDS OF NORTHERN ONTARIO



SCENE ON THE
SEVERN RIVER



MUSKOKA LAKES



BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF BAYS



AMONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS
OF GEORGIAN BAY



POINT AU BARIL
GEORGIAN BAY



CACHE LAKE
ALGONQUIN PARK



accredited and unchallenged boast of Muskoka that hay fever cannot come into collision with this upper air and live. And in a measure the same thing is true of innumerable other disorders, especially such as have their source in a depleted nervous system, and a frame fatigued through toil, or dismantled through strenuous and unnatural living. If it be true, as ancient authorities affirm, that the three great physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman, then Muskoka may justly claim to be one great sanitarium, within whose leafy walls, like healing druids of the early day, this trinity of the curing art unite to ply their gracious ministry. For as regards the first named of these physicians, Muskoka is famed for the rich and succulent vegetables, the irresistible apples, the sweet and appetizing meats (her lamb a famed and boasted specialty) which are provided by the farmers who live upon and behind her shores, to say nothing of the unfailing supply of fish, which are nightly borne homeward to hotel or cottage by the happy and hungry and sleepy tourist, whose skill has lured them from their world to ours. Speaking of sleep, that precious boon, concerning which the old Eastern king cried out: "Why is there no sleep upon the market?—is it not then to be bought at any price?"—concerning this it need only be said, as it truthfully can, that Muskoka is one vast dormitory, air and exercise and wave and wind all conspiring to provide a lullaby to whose spell the victims of insomnia rarely fail to yield.

THE TRINITY OF LAKES

The three best known of the Muskoka lakes, as has been said, are Lake Muskoka, Lake Joseph and Lake Rosseau; but there is another much less widely known, although nearest to Toronto, which is rapidly coming into its own. This is Kashishibo Lake, situated near the Canadian National line, accessible at either end by motor from Toronto, having a total shore line of more than seventy-five miles, and characterized by a beauty of its own. American tourists, especially, are beginning to discover it, unexploited as it has been until within the last year or two, and many of them are securing Eden sites for summer homes yet to rise upon them. The water is of peculiar value, being entirely fed by living springs; the fishing is all that can be desired: in proof of this it is only necessary to add that year after year it has won the trophy offered by a Toronto newspaper for which all the fishermen of the continent are eligible. The upper portion, especially, is distinguished for the bold sublimity of its landscape, and here and there along its sinuous shore are to be found the most perfect sand beaches in the Province of Ontario.



The largest of all the lakes is Lake Muskoka, especially famed for its triumph over hay fever. (All sufferers here soon "shake" the fever and soon "hit the hay.") It is the largest and most southerly of the three lakes, opening out into the other two. Twenty-two miles in length and nine in breadth, it has numerous and admirable hotels and boarding houses, where jollity and comfort reign.

Lake Rosseau, perhaps the loveliest of the three, is fourteen miles in length, its southern portion literally gemmed with islets. It is also the home of the Royal Muskoka summer hotel. At the village of Rosseau, situated at the head of the lake, there flows into its waiting bosom the beautiful Shadow River, one of the most striking natural curiosities of the region.

LAKE JOSEPH

Lake Joseph joins Lake Rosseau at Port Sandfield. This lake is known to the Indians as "the clear water." And well it might be, for this characteristic produces, under certain conditions of atmosphere, wonderful effects of light and shadow, a veritable anthem of silent melody. Wide expanding stretches and calmer areas among the islands, alike afford the thrill of adventure, or the spiritual joy of fellowship with nature to yachtsman or canoeist, who finds here, each his favourite pastime. To the north lies the settlement of "Lake Joseph," a fascinating resort, capped by rugged cliffs of imposing height.

If you wish to spend a summer, or any golden portion of it, beneath kindly skies and amid scenes of sylvan beauty; if you love the water, and if fishing, canoeing, boating, bathing are words with which you love to conjure; if the mention of motor boat or sailing yacht can quicken your pulse and gladden your eye; if golf or tennis add to the pleasure of your summer's outing; if you love nature in her bridal robes and a fragrant region that has kept itself "unspotted from the world," then seek this Arcadia of the North, and prove for yourself the charm of mystic Muskoka.

To the north and west of the Muskoka District, in a world apart, revelling in a beauty all its own, is the far-famed Lake of Bays. This great but sequestered lake is reached by motor to Huntsville (a picturesque town on the Canadian National Railway) whence the traveller may proceed to the central feature of this lake, the mammoth Bigwin Inn. Across the lake stands the Wa Wa, one of the best known and appointed of Canadian summer hotels. Or the tourist may take the steamer at Huntsville, pass Mary River and the charming Fairy Lake, avail himself of the tiniest railway in the world for a mile or two, re-embark on a larger vessel and make his way to Dorset, traversing an almost hidden paradise.



The Paradise of Algonquin Park

CONSECRATE forever to health and sport and pleasure, and eligible to the lovers of all three from any race or clime, are the 2,721 square miles of Ontario's great reserve known as Algonquin Park. Just as the eye is lightened and the heart gladdened by the sudden vision of a sunlit and leaf-embowered grove in the heart of a great city, so, amid the busy activities of Canada's greatest province, activities both urban and rural, stands this kaleidoscope of forest life and beauty.

All of this would seem to suggest the remote and comparatively inaccessible—for such retreats almost invariably are. But this far-flung Eden, situated as it is on the very ridge of the "Highlands of Ontario" can be reached in a night from any one of three of Canada's greatest cities. The eager tourist lays him down in his Pullman bed at Toronto, Montreal or Ottawa for instance—and let fancy and expectation fret and stimulate as they may, the increasingly purifying air, pine-perfumed and ozone-laden, soon brings that profound and grateful sleep with which the fairies of the forest alone can touch weary and wakeful eyes. And when in the morning he wakens up, his spirits are up proportionately. For everything is "up" in this elevated and elevating section of the world, the altitude of the Park above sea level averaging 1,700 feet, the elevation at certain spots attaining 2,000 feet.

THREE THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF BEAUTY

And how is this unique and wonderful Park to be described? As well endeavour to do justice to the Pleiades or the Aurora Borealis, or the "Sweet fields of Eden" could we only secure the evidence of any returning traveller from that mysterious bourn. The vast inviolate extent, in these days when everybody feels at liberty to violate everything, is itself refreshing in its very definition, stimulating the most jaded imagination. Nearly 3,000 square miles, every mile eloquent of beauty, significant of repose and recreation, and every mile a sanctuary. Here wild beast and wilder bird find a perpetual city of refuge, if such a term may be used to define this great and teeming heart of nature. This protection has insured an ever-increasing tameness on the part of those in whose interests it stands forever sacred, a tameness which is a source of something akin to rapture, to the lovers of these grateful tenants of their life-long home. Peace has its triumphs not less renowned than war—and in this safe and sacred retreat



the camera achieves trophies more illustrious than the rifle or shot-gun ever knew. Many a swift snap by day—many a quick flashlight amid the shades of midnight, have enriched the walls and the mantels of the homes of American nature-lovers with masterpieces on which proud eyes rest lovingly through intervening winter months, while the unforgetting heart again recalls the rapture of the golden summer days thus brought back again, the imagination looking forward to the happier days yet to come when there shall be another reaping of this ever replenished field, this harvest which when reaped but grows the more.

But even should the tourist be neither naturalist nor fisherman nor sportsman of any kind, this wonderful Park still calls with a thousand tongues. A summer here of glorious inactivity is one of the most profitable seasons any tired business man, any weary housewife could experience. Just to lounge about in hammock or on camp chair, or recumbent on springy and leafy sward, just to listen to the lapping of the waters from which you can never get far away, or to the age-long chatter of some laughing brook; just to stroll through forest glade, or by meandering stream, or sparkling lake, catching the note of bird or squirrel, observing here and there the beaver's almost human handiwork, shuddering a little at some grim evidence of the winter domicile of the bear or starting at the distant echo of the moose with his raucous call, listening to the ceaseless anthem of the embannered woods, reverently glancing upward at the softly upholstered sky, singing, sighing, and all the time conscious of peace and purity and perfect art,—all of these are in themselves the noblest of occupations, and have within them the very elements of life and happiness.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

While the report of the gun is never heard in Algonquin Park, yet this enchanted area is not without its attraction for the sportsman. This place was fashioned in eternity for the fisherman. Hundreds and hundreds of lakes harbour within their pellucid waters the candidates for worm and fly, whose ancestors throughout the centuries had never heard of either as associated with human hands. Fishing is copiously permitted, a license therefor being obtainable by citizen or alien at a nominal sum. Between 1,500 and 2,000 lakes lend their grace and beauty to the Park, some of them of almost unfathomable depth, nestling amid banks girt with trees of exceptional beauty, or at the foot of mountains of towering strength and dignity. The water of these lakes, by the way, is superb for drinking purposes, being almost mineral in its



character, and of separate worth for the correcting of all internal irregularities. Indeed, it is probably quite within the mark to say that the average seeker after health and vigour derives even more benefit from the eliminative water, than from the wonderful pine-laden air itself. This feature cannot be too strongly or too conscientiously emphasized—the waters of Algonquin Park are life-giving and vigour-restoring in their quality. Still more—from the ridges of Laurentian Rock spring innumerable streams abounding in finny treasure, this splendid sport lending beyond words to the charm of the picturesque and the romantic which they so abundantly provide. Besides, whole systems of lakes and rivers spread out in contagious beauty as if propagating their own loveliness, stretching out to each other their jewelled arms, until all becomes one sparkling network, enclosing pine-crowned islands, and throwing into sweet relief emerald-coloured points and bays, here and there capped by promontories of towering rock.

Of the fishing in these myriad lakes, it is difficult to speak in moderation, and almost impossible to speak with exaggeration.

FACILITIES FOR EXPLORATION

The facilities for exploring its glories are admirable. The tourist who enjoys the highest of all existences, the "tramp" life of the woods, can wander at will through the whole vast district with or without a guide as he may choose. If the former be desired, splendid men are easily obtainable. The starting points for this elysian cruise most in favour are Joe Lake and Algonquin Park Stations on the Canadian National Railway, which runs through the southern portion of the Park. Good hotel accommodation is available at both these starting points, and complete outfits may also be secured. Two other favourite headquarters embosomed in the virgin forest are Nominigan Camp on Smoke Lake, and Camp Minesing on Island Lake.

Algonquin Park, then, calls you with a voice like the sound of many waters. If you need repose and spiritual refreshment; if you would disport yourself in a haunt "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife;" if you have ears to catch the anthem of the woods, and eyes to appreciate a masterpiece of God; if seclusion teeming with life, and haunts vocal with melody have any charm for you; if you would yield to the dim subduing charm of the forest and feel the rapture that throbs only in the wilds; if you long for the caress and healing of nature's purest and tenderest hand; if you would find life at its simplest and purity at its highest and recreation at its noblest, then turn your steps toward the mystic charms of the world-famed Algonquin Park.



Peerless Timagami

SO far as the external features of the Timagami Forest Reserve are concerned, the outline may be readily set down. It comprises an unimaginable area of pine-covered lake land, containing 3,750,000 acres. Access to this mighty playground is to be had from Timagami Station, 300 miles due north of Toronto, 400 miles from Buffalo, and 450 miles west of Montreal. This enchanted domain stretches 100 miles from north to south, and 60 miles from east to west. Exactly as Nature left it does it stand to-day—majestic cliffs towering hundreds of feet in the air; sloping hillsides robed in living green; islands and islets like fluid emeralds encased in the deepest blue. And such as it is to-day, so will it be for latest generations, since this great excelling kingdom is forbidden alike to lumberman and land grabbers, forever consecrate to the nobler interests of the regeneration and upbuilding of mind and body, which it is obviously destined by Creative Hand to effect.

THE QUEEN OF THE REGION

The Queen of this great region, wild and unsubdued, is the queenly Lake Timagami. This lake stands alone among her sisters, or rather her subjects, of the whole lake-endowed region of this romantic north. Like some mighty octopus, with living legs and arms and feelers, each one more alive and sensitive than the last, Lake Timagami stretches out to every point of the compass, laying her imperious hand upon this fairyland of verdure-laden hills, claiming every one for herself and for her uncounted devotees who come even now from many lands and climes, and who through coming generations shall draw near from east and west and north and south, with an eagerness and an expectation which shall be neither disappointed nor denied. It is easy to say or to write down that Lake Timagami boasts no fewer than 1,600 islands; but what imagination can compass what lies behind these pregnant scenes—all the shade and shelter, the inviting nooks and umbrageous retreats, the balmy breezes and laughing waters, smiling in the morning sun, the teeming millions of finny denizens of those cool and smiling waters, the sport by day, and the sweet repose by night, the excursions by land and water, the picnic parties, the very thrill of knowing that this paradise, fresh from the hands of God, is all your own, laying its treasures of health and happiness and pleasure at your wondering feet.

Upon this hemisphere there is no finer fishing than is to be



found in the almost virgin waters of the Timagami Forest Reserve. What sportsman is there who does not know the disappointment, almost the disgust, with which he shares the memory of a visit to some vaunted and belauded fishing region, only to discover that he has been pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, or beguiled by a mirage of the desert? So frequent has this been the experience of veteran sportsmen that we readily recognize the skepticism with which assurances such as this may be received in some quarters. But facts are facts—and the fishing wealth of Timagami still remains one of the most glorious. For this lake and hundreds of other lakes within easy access are still alive with fish. And such fish! Gamey to the last degree they are, as befits those northern waters—for the best fighting instinct everywhere, in man or beast, seems to be bred 'neath northern skies. The same property in the water lends to these fish their rare and palatable toothsomeness when they have at last been made your very own. Prime among the quarries of these northern lakes, is the elusive and glancing and radiant beauty, the speckled trout. Authorized records attest that 144 speckled trout totalling 100 lbs. in weight were taken by ten rods in less than two hours in Lake Timagami. This is not recorded as exceptional, but as fairly representative. In the Lady Evelyn region, and the rivers contributory to the lake, the trout are of special distinction, many having been caught that weigh 2 lbs. and over. Given a good guide, a favourable day, a reasonable degree of piscatorial skill, and there is no reason why an average fisherman should ever leave Timagami bereft of the full export allowance of 50 lbs. of speckled trout.

THE HAUNT OF THE BLACK BASS

Worthy too of all respect, and entitled to conspicuous mention is that gamiest fish that ever took the fly, the small-mouthed black bass. While some sections of Timagami abound in this sportsmen's favourite, more than others, yet it is indubitable that the black bass is freely distributed over the whole area of Timagami and its collateral lakes. In length they run from 10 to 20 inches; in weight from 2 to 6 lbs. Any ordinary auspicious day should yield easily a full allowance of 8 lbs. Then there is also that Nestor among the fishes, the great lake trout. This great game fish is to be found in rich abundance in Timagami and neighbouring lakes. It quickens the pulse to learn, as every lover of fishing ought to learn, that many of these famous fish run to 30 lbs. and over, that 10 and 15 lbs. are not at all out of the ordinary, and that 5 or 6 lbs. is simply taken for granted. If these facts do not mean sport, and real sport, then no such thing is to be found in this vale of tears.



Travellers can come to Timagami, with all its sport, its isolation, its virgin wildness, its unchanged beauty, in the greatest comfort. By standard Pullman you can travel right to the gateway of the lake. Dismounting at Timagami Station platform, there await you representatives of the Perron and Marsh Navigation Company, and of the Timagami Fur Company. Within a few minutes' walk is the inviting Ronnoco Hotel. It is significant to add that not a single summer night goes by without a grate fireplace being called into requisition; and while your long-suffering friends or kindred in southern climes are seated on verandas armed with fans and lemonade, you may know the separate luxury of gazing into a blazing fire, while the merry talk goes round, most of it reminiscent of the big ones that were caught, or the monsters that got away. Steamboat and launch connect with all trains waiting to bear you to any portion of the lake you may elect to visit.

If you wish to visit a real paradise, unstained by the hand or the device of man; if you long for that sense of separation which has rest and healing in its touch; if the great conservatory of the northern wilds has any charm for your imagination; if you love to see the trout or the bass flashing in the sun; if you would feel the thrill eligible to every tourist, of surveying a lordly moose swimming in the limpid waters of the lake, or feeding on the lily pads of the shore; if you would enjoy to the full the touch and the whisper and the caress of Nature's holy hands and lips, then make your way to this paradise of lake and island of pine and promontory.



Having the time of their lives



Toronto to Sault Ste. Marie

Via Georgian Bay and Manitoulin Island

FOR the next stage in our series of Ontario trips, an important and far-reaching district claims attention. It includes the wonderful nature realm of Georgian Bay, through its maze of thirty thousand islands, past Manitoulin Island and over the picturesque St. Mary's River to Sault Ste. Marie.

There are several gateways to this region from the south, along the shore of the bay, in Wiarton, Owen Sound, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetanguishene, Midland and Port McNicoll, and these, in turn, are reached from a point like Toronto by two main provincial highways or the two railway systems.

No visitor to Ontario should leave Toronto out of his itinerary. As the Queen City of Ontario, it is a governmental and educational centre, housed in buildings of architectural beauty and dignity. Three hundred churches tell their own story of the emphasis placed on the higher things, as the hundred schools testify to the importance attached to education. It is, moreover, a city of charm in its parks and gardens, and especially its streets of homes. Nor should the annual Exhibition be overlooked, the greatest of its character in the world, attracting over a million visitors yearly. Toronto, in a word, deserves a chapter to itself, and the reader is advised to apply to the Toronto Publicity Association for descriptive literature.

The western road, above referred to, constitutes a fairly straight route northwestward to Owen Sound, while a more directly northern line leads to Barrie and Orillia on the one hand, and Collingwood, Meaford, Penetanguishene and Midland on the other, thus making accessible, by automobile or train, the southern shore of Georgian Bay and the expanse of blue water lying between the Bruce peninsula and Muskoka and Parry Sound.

ALONG YONGE STREET

Here a preliminary trip through a charming gardenland is offered the visitor, with rolling landscapes reminiscent of English Devon or a Scottish shire. He who utilizes the famous old Yonge street highway for thirty miles through the heart of the historic county of York, will delight in a wide area of country of true beauty.

Every sideline or concession road invites exploration, as does every hill for what lies on its further slope. If the beginnings of Ontario's wonderful central lakeland be an objective, the eye will be eager to catch the first glimpse of the waters of Lake Simcoe, or,



a few leagues later, its western arm, the charming Kempenfeldt Bay, with Barrie and Allandale facing the curving shore.

He who turns from the main northward thoroughfare to encircle Lake Simcoe by motor will be amply repaid for the time and effort involved, as it will lead to a visit to many a hamlet or to such a charming centre of population as Orillia. Here, too, Lake Couchiching and, farther north, Sparrow Lake, have their votaries.

Another open way to Georgian Bay from Toronto is via Brampton, Caledon and Orangeville, with entrancing views of the Caledon mountains and the clear streams, like the River Credit, that sing their way through forested depths. The



Whitefish Falls, Manitoulin Island

alpine character of the scenery comes as a surprise in a trip of surprises—an experience that will be repeated later when Georgian Bay is reached at a point where the Blue Mountains make a dramatic background for the town of Collingwood.

Lake shore roads, where the motorist is ever in sight of Georgian Bay's sparkling waters, make possible delightful excursions to points like Meaford and Owen Sound to the west, and Penetanguishene and Midland to the east. Apart from their picturesque situations, these and their neighbours are centres of lore and legend. Sites of Huron villages have survived the centuries, and memorials in monument and church recall the martyrdom of the intrepid Jesuit fathers, whose story Parkman thrillingly relates. Every



period of Canadian history—red man, Frenchman, war of 1812—is represented in the romantic Georgian Bay region.

But the chief attractions of this realm lie in its value as a present-day playground built on a colossal scale. A stretch of territory holding within the land and water boundaries thirty thousand isles, with no duplicates in the huge total, tells its own story of immensity. And where islands are, there are channels, sinuous and straight, broad and narrow, near and remote ; channels that invite the keel of a boat or the lap of a paddle.

One may here enter upon voyages of discovery all one's own, and explore a world of nature silence. Little wonder that summer pleasure-seekers flock to this Georgian Bay country in increasing numbers and that they are lost among its myriad isles. Craft of every type find their way hither and thither, from the noisy motor-boat to the silent canoe ; from the passenger steamer laden with happy holiday seekers, to the prosaic supply-boat, serving the material needs of cottagers and campers.

Little wonder that resorts and camps abound ; that Honey Harbour and Go-Home Bay are jolly centres of summer life ; that "Minnicog" has its clientele; Sans Souci bids a stopover, that Copperhead Island hangs out a sign of welcome, or that Rose Point and Parry Harbour and Sound invite the tourist.

FROM PARRY SOUND TO THE SOO

These and other centres along the eastern coast of Lake Huron and its Georgian Bay, are also ideal regions for the fisherman and hunter as well as for the camper and canoeist. And there is ample room for all who come or who may come in the succeeding years.

Nor does Parry Sound mark the northern boundary of this great summer-realm of beauty and grandeur. Further north other waterways exist, in Byng Inlet and Pointe-au-Baril, in the picturesque mouths of the Serpent and Spanish rivers, even as far north as Killarney, with its Indian reserve and its own enticing channels. The entire Parry Sound district is rich in its attractions.

In the upper regions of the Georgian Bay area, the Maganetawan and French River valleys open up districts on the east that are worthy of leisurely exploration. Bordering Georgian Bay on the west lies the Great Manitoulin Island—the Isle of the Ottawas—well named Great, with its length of a round hundred miles, where explorers' tales reach back as early as 1615. It is an almost undiscovered country as far as the tourist is concerned, and one that will surprise the visitor with its picturesqueness and fertility. The towns of Gore Bay, Little Current and Manitowaning are attractive ports, as well as enterprising centres of population. The entire



shore line of the Island, hundreds of miles in actual length, is indented with myriad bays and inlets, while inland one is constantly chancing on lakes of exquisite beauty.

But one always turns and returns to the alluring lake, as one never tires of studying its varying moods, in sunshine and shadow, in cloud and mist and whirlwind storms; under the softening influences of a revealing moon, or in the blackness of a night of darkness when the restless billows can only be heard, not seen. The summer days pass quickly and happily by, and when the going-home time comes, the holiday-seeker feels that he has made an investment that will pay dividends for many a day and year.

To temporarily revert to the nomadic life, to sleep in a tented palace of cotton and on a bed of balsam boughs; to wear old clothes all day long without fear of breaking the laws of dress etiquette; to rise for an early dip, or to sleep-in on a week-day as well as a Sunday morning—all this makes one exclaim, and repeat the exclamation: "This is the life!" And this is the kind of life, in God's great out-of-doors, that old Huron offers to all who test her hospitality.

Again, on the eastern mainland, the towns of Blind River,



French River



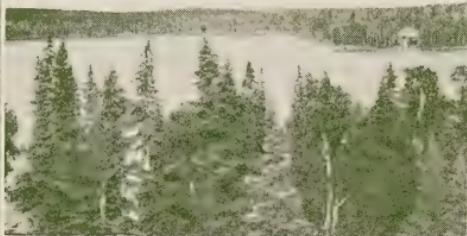
Thessalon and Bruce Mines demonstrate the rich country that forms their background. Keeping to the water route in the meantime, St. Mary's River is next reached and traversed. Here one finds another international stream of exceptional charm, dotted with wooded isles and with all the signs of human habitation in well-tilled farms, summer resorts and the ever-present cottage or tent of summer dwellers. This river approach to Sault Ste. Marie is full of interest as the winding and sometimes narrow channels are negotiated, and as once again the wonderful procession of great lake craft passes by.

When Sault Ste. Marie is reached, one of Canada's impressive industrial centres lines the banks for many a mile. Here the "Clergue" industries, as they were originally known, have expanded into great steel plants, pulp and paper mills and kindred works, employing many thousands and giving added importance to this fine northern centre where the waters of Huron and Superior meet. The "Soo" is moreover related to the earliest period of our history through the French explorers and later the rival fur traders. This latter chapter in our national history is vividly visualized in the historic relic of a lock of the ancient canal, built to accommodate the long canoes of the fur voyageurs. A stone's throw away a striking contrast between the past and the present is afforded in the great canal lock, 900 feet long, built by the Canadian Government and forming one of four artificial waterways that link the twin lakes together.

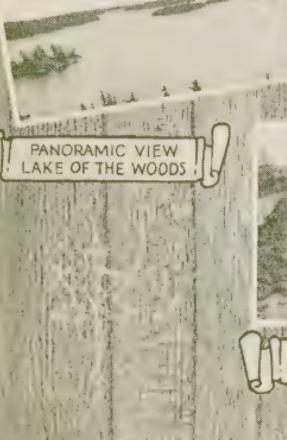
East of the city and its forests of high chimneys and smokestacks is the far-flung district of Algoma, rich beyond estimate in minerals, timber and fertile soil, the wealth of which is only beginning to be tapped. The proposed Trans-Canada motor highway will connect the Soo with east and west. In the meantime, motorists can make their way through the heart of the district eastward to Sudbury and its neighbours, following the route that delighted the Michigan "hikers." On every hand are virgin waterways and lakes that offer the best of sport to the fisherman and the best of hunting to the nimrod when the law so permits.

The neighboring trio of Districts, in Algoma, Sudbury and Nipissing, are, in fact, unrivalled for their natural attractions. The Algoma Central Railway, for example, penetrates a section of country of wild scenic grandeur and almost untouched fish and game resources. Extensive areas constitute a practically unexplored realm, so far as settlement is concerned, where the more adventurous tourist may experience all the thrill of a pioneer, and where he can make his own trails. As in other northern sections of the province, lakes and rivers abound.

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS COUNTRY



IN ONTARIO'S NORTHLAND



PANORAMIC VIEW
LAKE OF THE WOODS



WHITE WINGS ON A
NORTHERN ONTARIO LAKE



ON THE SCOTT HIGHWAY
NEAR FORT WILLIAM



REGATTA DAY - KENORA
LAKE OF THE WOODS



KENORA - LAKE OF THE WOODS



WINNIPEG RIVER AT MINAKI



Ontario's Ultimate North

From Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods

IT IS difficult to visualize or realize the immense area of Ontario—a thousand miles approximately from south to north, and another thousand miles at its widest part from east to west. One method of measurement is by means of comparison. When it is remembered that Ontario represents three times as large a territory as the British Isles and that it is larger than France, the immensity of its distances begins to dawn.

The central sections of the province having been covered thus far in geographical sequence, there remains the big end of Ontario, all the domain lying between the shores of Superior—the world's largest fresh-water sea—and the Manitoba boundary on the west. Truly it is a vast realm where nature is prodigal in her gifts, and where millions would find room to roam.

THE TWIN CITIES

Among the chief gateways to this region of scenic beauty are the Twin Cities, as they are called, constituting a combined centre of population, totalling 35,000. These two live centres—Port Arthur and Fort William, unite in welcoming the visitor, and follow it up with a hospitality typical of the near West. While engaged in friendly business rivalry, each city has an attractive individuality of its own.

The entrance to Port Arthur reveals it to striking advantage, situated as it is in a strategic position at the head of the great inland waterway system that penetrates into the very heart of the continent. Viewed from Port Arthur, Thunder Bay, as this accessory to Lake Superior is called, together with Pie Island and the Sleeping Giant, makes an alluring picture on the terraced hillside, and with its fine hotels, world-famous elevators, coal docks and big industries, asserts its civic and industrial importance.

No less interesting to the tourist is Fort William, over which McKay's mountain stands sentinel, with the Kaministiquia River making an ideal waterfront for the long line of elevators; in fact, the two cities lead the world as grain-exporting ports.

Many routes appeal to the traveller as he leaves the cities at the head of the lakes. For the present purpose, we will take three and avoid invidious comparisons. Let us swing to the right as a start, in order to reach the wonder-world of Nipigon, whose beautiful lake



in size ranks sixth among the great lakes of the St. Lawrence chain. The Ontario Government has here wisely set apart one of its great natural parks as a forest reserve, with an area of no less than 7,300 square miles. A little over a hundred miles east of Port Arthur lies this delectable domain which forms one of the finest unspoiled nature realms in the Dominion. The whole region is full of charm, not only in the lake itself, with a shoreline of over eight hundred miles, but in the clearness and purity of its waters, the intricate mass of hills and peninsulas, and in the forest depths that make a sanctuary for an abundance of wild life. Here the hunter and fisherman, the camper and the canoeist, the lover of the wild and of the open, can feast to their heart's content ; and, while the little tented homes of the tourist appear here and there on the shore of the lake, there is also excellent accommodation in the hotels and lodges for those who prefer a log roof over their heads.

As if the lake and its environs were not enough, the Nipigon



Kaministiquia River, Fort William (upper);
Kakabeka Falls (lower)



River casts its spell over the fortunate ones who thread its course in a canoe, amid scenery of the most diversified character. Thus, all the way from Black or Nipigon Bay to Ombabika Bay, hundreds of miles to the north, there is, as has been said, a wonderland of rarest beauty. The Nipigon highway will be completed from Port Arthur to Dorion during 1923, a distance of 46 miles of motor road. Later, this will be an important link of the transcontinental highway, of which the section from Fort William to Winnipeg is now being built.

Returning to the Twin Cities, the West renews its call. To-day a fine road known as the Scott Highway connects Port Arthur and Fort William with Duluth, making a route of unique interest, or, heading northwest from the twin cities, an embarrassment of riches will present themselves, especially in Quetico Provincial Park, another realm of natural beauty with a wealth of animal life.

Quetico, in a word, is a regal playground, a primeval paradise with 3,000 square miles of unspoiled territory of the wild, where one may explore the hidden recesses of nature, and make one's own trails through a marvellous chain of waterways. Farther to the northwest lies still another world of wild nature, which merits a free use of adjectives. Anyone who has journeyed through the Rainy Lake and Rainy River country will bear witness to its charm. Thriving settlements are scattered along their shores, with the interest that comes from being a boundary line between Canada and the United States.

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS

No one ever thinks of ending his journey short of traversing the Lake of the Woods. What shall be said of this farther inland sea, dotted with islands by the hundred that are clothed to the water's edge with their original giants !

All the praise that has been given thus far in relation to the other sections of Ontario applies quite as fully to the Lake of the Woods. No wonder it has been discovered by thousands as one of the great playgrounds of the continent, and that the summer bungalow and cottage and tented towns add a note of human life and occupation during the summer time to the extensive view. Facilities for reaching this far northwestern area of Ontario are being multiplied by railway and highway. Winnipeg appreciates the Lake-of-the-Woods, and thousands of its inhabitants find their way there, whilst the city gets its pure water supply from the same inexhaustible source.

Kenora is the chief gateway to the Lake-of-the-Woods region and its prodigal beauties. It already is a thriving town of 6,000



population, the seat of great paper and pulp industries, and fur depots drawing from vast areas. The town, with unusual enterprise, has erected a large modern hotel similar in appointments to leading hotels in metropolitan cities, calling it the "Tourist" hotel, as a special challenge to the holiday-seeker. Some day, not far distant, a modern automobile highway will connect Kenora with Winnipeg on the west and Port Arthur and Fort William on the east, passing through budding communities and settlements and past ravishing lake and river scenery, while from the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William there is already plowing a highway to Nipigon and east on towards older Ontario. When that project is completed, this route, prodigally packed with charm and thrilling interest, will entice motor "hikers" by the thousands every summer and constitute a factor in the development of a country rich not only in scenery but in minerals, timber and fish, and also in numerous inviting agricultural valleys and plains.

WINNIPEG RIVER AND MINAKI

Finally, there are the Winnipeg River and the Minaki district. One of the relatively great rivers of the Dominion is the Winnipeg. Traced on the map, it runs its sinuous course for hundreds of miles from the Lake-of-the-Woods to Lake Winnipeg, with Mee-Nak-kee (Minaki) as the Indian word for beautiful country, half-way or so between the two big bodies of water. The river thus finds its way through two provinces. No wonder it is both broad and deep for the most part, as the chief outlet for the vast volume contained in the Lake-of-the-Woods watershed that drains an immense area.

The Winnipeg River has a rich historic background. One's imagination revels in the picturesque procession of canoes that made its way over the silent waters by La Verendrye. How long ago 1731-2 seems, and how much history has been made in Canada since the great French-Canadian explorer faced the unknown west and north of the continent !

Thus the river that makes a beautiful country by itself, not only links two great lakes, but links the past with the present, the East with the West.

With this chapter, the end is reached of this brief description of Ontario as a great playground country. It will be evident that, owing to limitations of space, the half has not been told, but it is hoped that enough has been written to induce the reader to visit the province, to test its attractions for himself and with such satisfactory results that it will lead to many a return trip.



LIST OF ONTARIO MAPS AND BOOKLETS

Many maps and booklets, giving additional information regarding Ontario, may be had according to the following list. It is only partial, however, and the Board will be pleased to be informed of other publications that may be added to later editions.

Handbook of Ontario. Free. Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Map showing Provincial Highways of Ontario. Free. Provincial Highways Branch, Toronto.

Ontario County Maps. 15 cents each. Send for list. Provincial Highways Branch, Toronto.

Road Map of Ontario and International Main Travelled Roads. 50 cents. Ontario Motor League, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

Motor Highways of Ontario (with sketch maps). One Dollar. Free to any automobile club member. Ontario Motor League, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

Official Automobile Road Guide of Canada, 1923, with maps of routes. \$3. Miln-Bingham Printing Co., 6-10 Johnston St., Toronto.

Appleton's Road Guides: (a) Western Ontario; (b) Eastern Ontario. 50 cents each. Mussen Book Co., Toronto.

Central Ontario Motor Guide. 35 cents. Trent Waterway Development Association, Peterborough, Ont.

Road Map, Ottawa and Vicinity. 50 cents. Touring Bureau, Board of Trade Building, Ottawa, Ont.

Official Road Map of Eastern Ontario, and part of Quebec, New York and Vermont. 50 cents. H. R. Carruthers, Ottawa.

Outline Map of Trans-Canada Highway (Halifax to Sault Ste. Marie). Free. Canadian Automobile Association, Lumsden Building, Toronto, Ont.

Illustrated Booklets on Ontario's Summer and Tourist Resorts and cities may be had free on application to the Publicity Offices of the Canadian National Railways or the Canadian Pacific Railway, or the Canada Steamship lines.

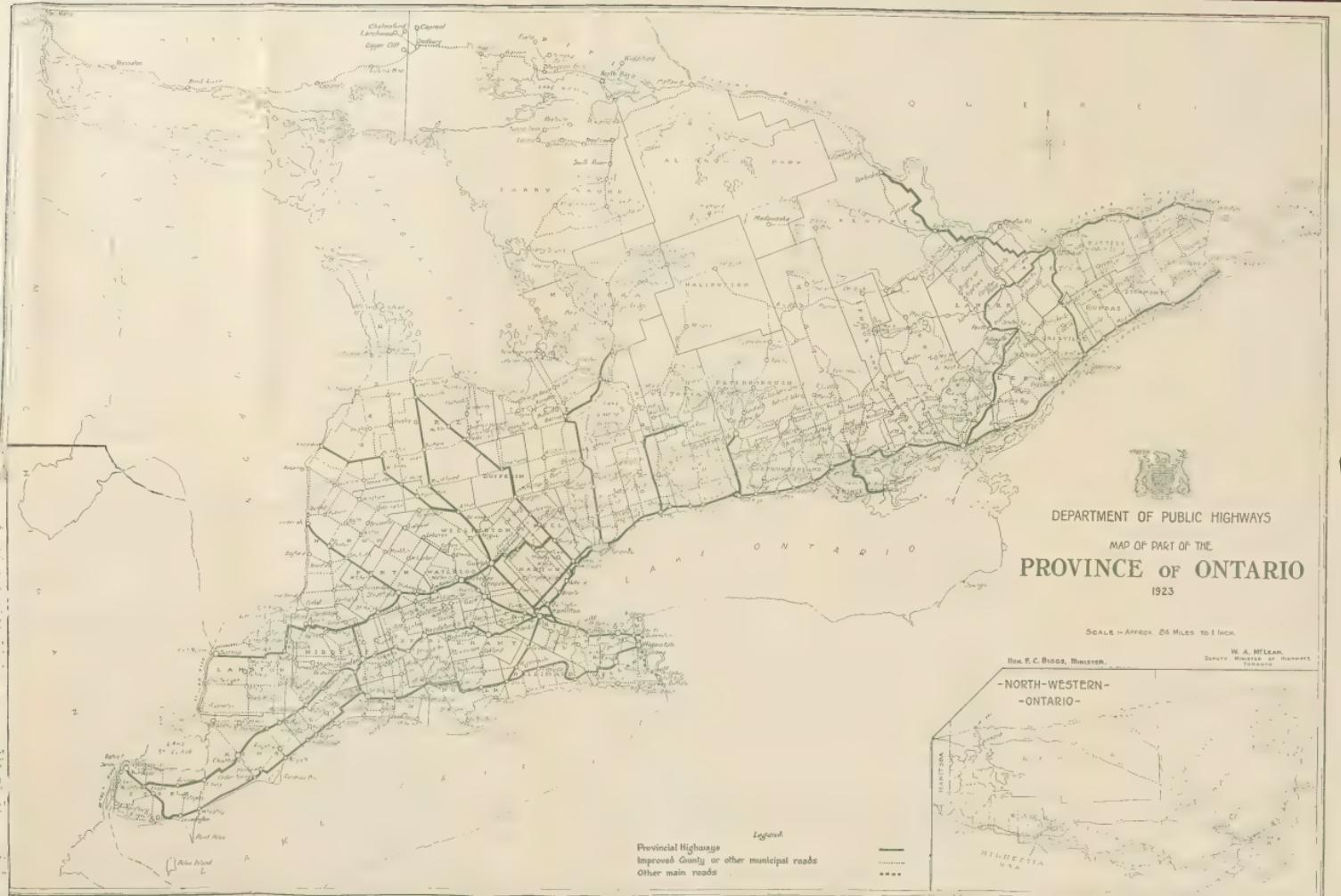
Several city and district booklets have been issued. Apply for Toronto, to the Toronto Publicity Association, 120 Bay Street, or to Boards of Trade or Chambers of Commerce of other cities.

Information regarding motor tours and camps in Ontario will be given by the Tourist Department, Ontario Motor League, Lumsden Building, Toronto, Canada.

BUNGALOW CAMPS

Canadian Pacific Railway. "Devil's Gap Camp," Lake of the Woods, near Kenora; "Nipigon River Camp," 65 miles east of Port Arthur; "French River Camp," 45 miles south of Sudbury.

Canadian National Railways. "Camp Minesing," Algonquin Park; and one near Orient Bay, Lake Nipigon.





ONTARIO

Canada's Premier Province



The LAKE-LAND
PLAYGROUND.

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